# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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### JUST MARRIED.

She stands down-looking on the sparkling tide
Of the bright river, half in bashful fear,
Half bounding in joy to find herself a bride;
Her blue eyes glistening with an infant tear,
Her lips apart,
Her color raised, and you might almost hear
Her beating heart.

He sits beside the river's bank, his eyes
Upturned to her sweet face, with looks so full
Of admiration, as if earth supplies
To him no object half so beautiful;
One ringlet fair
Has left its sister curl, and nestling lies
In his dark hair.

It is the twilight of a summer eve;
A crimson flush just tips the western trees,
As though the lingering sunbeams sighed to leave
That loving couple fair, sweetening the breeze
With honied words,
'Mid flowers and rippling streams, low humming bees
And singing birds.

## GUARDIAN AND WARD.

(CONCLUDED.)

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY BELLA Z. SPENCER.

### PART SECOND.

Several weeks passed away, and a wonderful change had taken place in the Heatherstone Mansion, which Eve had thrown wide to the sunlight and fresh air. The young lady had now fallen into the regular routine of the life which she had marked out for herself with a wisdom and determination very unchildlike and sensible. The clearness and precision of her understanding, and the adherence to purposes which sprang from it, was cause for wonder with more than her guardian. Every one who came in contact with her, saw and felt a nameless superiority and strength in Eve's character, from which they predicted a brilliant future.

Generally, when lessons were thrown aside, she roamed the house and garden free as a bird, and as gay, for she was naturally a spirited, merry-hearted girl, and made sunshine wherever she went. But Eve had her "moods," as she called them, in which she shrank from everyone, and would creep away into some quiet nook where she could brood and weep unseen. If discovered and questioned during or after those times, she invariably came out laughing, and declared she had won a victory, and that her "old Nick" had been completely routed. After these moods, she was always more gentle, more subdued and tender in her manner to others; and if she had not been observed while they lasted, her subsequent manner betrayed the struggle that had been going on.

One day Mr. Heatherstone came upon her as she lay buried among the cushions of a sofa standing in a niche, with the curtains drawn about her, and seeing the little form quivering and shaken with sobs, caught her up in his arms in a transport of alarm.

"Why, Eve, what is the matter, what has happened?" he gasped, white and trembling. "Have you hurt yourself—or is anybody else hurt? Speak to me!"

He drew her out into the light and put a glass of water to her lips, scarce knowing what to do, while she struggled up to an erect position and in a moment burst out laughing. Mr. Heatherstone was more amazed than ever, and stood before her perfectly stupefied.

"Oh, Guardy, Guardy, put off that woe begone face, or you will kill me," she cried at length. "I declare, one would think you imagined me crazy, by the way you stare at me. I am all right now. I've had a battle, and 'old Nick' is beaten. You helped me gain the victory by your unceremonious intrusion upon my privacy. Come! smile and look glad! I am glad now. It's all over, Guardy," and springing up, she caught him round the neck and kissed his cheek heartily.

Mr. Heatherstone looked very grave, and catching her hands, held her fast.

"Come, Eve, I want to talk to you. Will you not tell me what you mean by your 'old Nick' and your 'battles?' I cannot comprehend you at all. Come with me to the library and explain."

She suffered him to lead her away very quietly, and when they reached the room to which their steps tended, he sat down in his great chair and she took her accustomed seat at his side, where she pursued her studies day after day. Without waiting for him to question her further, she at once began the explanation he desired.

"I have troubled you, Guardy, and I am sorry; but I cannot help it. These 'moods' are the bane of my life. Without knowing why, I feel homesick, dissatisfied, and very, very restless. It seems as if I cannot contain myself, and that I shall surely do something desperate. Poor mamma used to be so worried about it, and tried to teach me to control myself, lest I should do something dreadful. She said it must be a perverse, evil spirit which would need to be conquered, or it would destroy my peace. When they come upon me now, I go off to myself and have a battle for self control. I do not like such unhappy feelings, and I fight them off as quickly as I can. If I did not, they would make everybody around me as miserable as they do myself. I always feel better when I am able to throw them off, and what there is good in me, seems to grow stronger. I want to be very kind and feel very loving towards those around me. Just now I feel as if I could do anything in the world for anybody, I am so goodnatured. I think, Guardy, these gloomy fits are like a purifying fire which leaves only the pure metal of my character until time and circumstances tarnish it, when it has to undergo the cleansing process again.

"These 'moods' do not come often, do they, Eve?"

"Not so often as they once did. I have always in my mind what mamma tried so hard to teach me, and I shall never be satisfied until I have overcome them completely. I believe I can do it sometime."

Mr. Heatherstone regarded the young girl with something like awe mingled with his loving admiration. It did not seem natural, even to him, that one so youthful should show so much of strength and wisdom as Eve had just shown him in the revelation she had made. Presently he asked in a thoughtful, earnest tone,

"But why do you go through these struggles all alone? You said that my unceremonious intrusion helped you to a more speedy victory. Why not come to me at once when you feel so distressed, and let me help you?"

Eve shook her head with a smile.

"No. I should make you miserable and do myself no good. The worst of the contest was over. The fury of the storm had spent itself, and you were the calming influence. The necessity for ending it and being myself again, added strength to my purpose, and because you were beside me, troubled and afraid, I roused myself with redoubled will, throwing off my load with comparatively light effort. Were I to come to you when the mood first steals over me, you would be shocked. I should do or say something wicked, I am afraid, and perhaps forfeit your good opinion always. I must keep to myself while there is such danger. Perhaps it will not be necessary long."

It was fortunate for Mark Heatherstone that such a peculiar nature was placed in his charge. No other could ever have wakened his interest or aroused him to action. As it was, anxiety and fear were mingled with the affection he had conceived for her, and he saw the necessity of guarding her carefully. Having taken upon himself the rather singular task of directing her studies, he now began to question himself as to whether he had chosen the most proper method of directing them rightly. A careful review satisfied him that there could be little improvement made so far as the regular routine went; but many hours were spent in wearying endeavors to form some plan by which he might help her to overcome this unhappy tendency to morbid and restless fancies.

Later the same day, just as the evening shadows crept duskily into his retreat, Eve stole in to his side, and laid her arms over his shoulders—

"Guardy," she said, softly, "I think I have learned something valuable. Perhaps I shall find help in my troubles after all."

Mr. Heatherstone answered eagerly.

"Indeed! That is what I was wishing for. I have not thought about anything else for hours, but have been trying to devise some plan to make you happier. What have you learned, Eve?"

She was quiet a little while, but as she stood thoughtfully resting herself against his chair, both little hands played lightly, caressingly, with his hair.

"I may be wrong, you know; but I have a way of applying things that seem to fit my case in a practical manner. When I left you, awhile ago, I carried one of your books with me to my room, and, strangely enough, it was a work upon the treatment of peculiar mental traits. I opened to a place where those 'moods' of mine were delineated far better than I could delineate them. It seemed to me while I was reading, as if the author had known me all his life, and was taking me to task for my freaks. These strangely morbid phases of feeling, he says, should be turned into some particular channel, guided by the inclinations that are strongest, unless they be of a hurtful nature. In some cases music is the remedy; in others, the overcharged brain finds relief in writing, or in some kind of active labor. Now it sounds very reasonable to me that this could be true, and I, have been thinking if somebody would only set me to work when these moods come upon me, with something that would make others very happy, all my troubles would fly away, and I should be happy too. The great difficulty with me is the utter inability to think or care for devising any employment at such times. Besides, I suppose it would be better if something could just come up at the right time—something accidental, you know. That would win my thoughts away from myself, and make me feel better. Don't you think so, Guardy?"

Mr. Heatherstone rose, his pale face all aglow with a genuine sense of relief and pleasure.

"Some good fairy has been at work," he said pleasantly, "and solved the knotty question to my utter satisfaction. You have found the help you need precisely, and if you apply it as you propose, we shall have you as free and happy as a lark always. Come out into the garden, Eve; the spring air and buds are very sweet, and I feel as if I can enjoy them."

She walked quietly at his side, through the perfumed paths, and he talked to her with grave yet happy earnestness. There was no wide stretch of difference recognized between the man of knowledge and the young girl at his side. He talked to her about people and places, and upon subjects suited to riper years, but never realized that she might not be able to comprehend him as fully as any one could, for she had the faculty of close attention united with inordinate ambition, and when she spoke at all, betrayed only a desire to hear more—not a want of understanding.

As time wore on, Heatherstone Place changed its appearance in every respect. Its master, no longer closeted with his books, came out to join his ward in her many plans for making it gay and beautiful as well as grand. Fair young forms flitted to and fro, and merry peals of girlish laughter swept through open windows and flowery garden-walks, as the summer drew on. Eve made many friends among the young people in their immediate vicinity, and as their fear of Mr. Heatherstone gradually wore away under Eve's laughing protests, they soon came to enjoy his coming into their midst, which he frequently did, entering with zest into their sports, so new and strange to him, but very sweet and pleasant. The young orphan had divested him of his old spectacles, and now he saw the world through different lenses. He liked the change, and as there had as yet been no embittering phases in the new experiences, he was more than content—happy.

We will pass over the years that followed, which brought few events beyond the change depicted in the daily routine already depicted. Those years were devoted to studies which developed the brilliant talents of the young girl to a degree that filled her guardian and teachers with pride. At eighteen she was ready to meet the world, and take her place in society with promise for a fair and beautiful future.

Mr. Heatherstone gave her a grand party on her eighteenth birthnight, gathering about her all the aristocracy of the circle to which he belonged. Her own peerless beauty and mental acquirements, united with the advantages she possessed as an heiress and a ward of Mr. Heatherstone's, rendered her introduction to the world a matter of more than ordinary moment. She stepped forth to her place, and was recognized in it as a young queen, disputed and contested by none. From the night on which she stood up in the stately drawing-room, between her guardian and the companion who was henceforth to take charge of her in society as protectress and friend, receiving her guests with the stately yet gracious and winning manner of a princess, all hearts bowed to her power with a nameless pleasure in the submission. She assumed nothing. All that she possessed was hers by natural right, and her unconsciousness of the truth, her naturalness and entire freedom from vanity, were her chief and most alluring charms.

During the gay winter that succeeded, Mr. Heatherstone went into society a great deal, anxious to make Eve as happy and contented as possible. These few years had wrought as great a change in his person as his habits. No longer the grave, preoccupied, retiring man, he seemed to have thrown off a third of his years, and was ten years younger than he was on the night when the little dark-robed girl descended at his door from the carriage, shy, and shrinking from his chilling touch. He could scarcely realize now, as he found himself amid the gay and splendid throngs where he attended her night after night, that either he or she could be the same beings. And yet she had wrought all the wondrous change. To her he owed all the keen happiness and real enjoyment of his life. How long could it last?

This was a question Mark Heatherstone put to himself only after they entered the world, and throngs of suitors followed in her train. She did not appear interested in any of them. To his watchful eye her glance was always clear and free—her manner alike to all; but a sense of pain and fear began to dawn within his breast before the winter was over—a dread that all the light and brightness might some day flee away, and leave Heatherstone Place more gloomy than before.

As this feeling grew, Mr. Heatherstone became less inclined to go out, more grave and thoughtful. To the world this was not apparent, but to Eve it was a troubling and puzzling source of wonder. No shade of the truth passed through her mind, and his growing gravity soon attracted her attention until it became a haunting source of regret and conjecture. Thus matters stood when the spring came, and they began to arrange plans for a summer tour to Niagara and the White Mountains, to which Genevieve looked forward with eager anticipation, Mr. Heatherstone with dread.

Early June found them at the Falls, where they remained only a few days, and then passed on to the Mountains, where they proposed to remain for several weeks. Here, as everywhere, Eve was the acknowledged belle, and the circle of her admirers increased daily. To her it made but little difference, but in proportion to the tax made upon her time by others, the guardian's discomfort increased to torture. Ere the season of their stay was half ended, Mr. Heatherstone was an utterly miserable man.

One sultry afternoon Genevieve had retired to her room with a severe headache, and soon afterwards a card was sent in to Mr. Heatherstone bearing the name of her most devoted admirer. A message of "importance" was delivered with the card, and all of a tremble with prophetic fears, he gave the order that Mr. Harris should be shown into his private parlor.

What passed between the gentlemen will not now be recorded, but left to gradual development. Mr. Harris was evidently better satisfied, however, when he left the house than Mr. Heatherstone, for his face wore a happy, confident expression, while his step was free and joyous as he bounded down the steps and out into the golden sunshine.

As for Mr. Heatherstone, no sooner had the door closed upon his visitor than the key was turned, shutting him in with his own thoughts to stride back and forth across the floor with quick, impetuous steps, while a perfect storm of passionate agony raged in his breast. The sun had gone behind the tall mountains, leaving a ruddy glow upon the leaves which crowned the trees on their summit, when he threw open the window for a breath of air, and caught the flutter of his ward's dress as she passed through the garden at the rear of the house and beyond into the woods.

The sight of her made him groan and press his hand over his temples as if in acute pain. Then he took up his hat and slowly followed her, nerving himself with evident reluctance to the performance of an unpleasant duty.

His way led through the woods round the mountain side, gradually ascending to a summit, where he found Genevieve seated upon a rock, looking abroad over a splendid stretch of landscape. Below the valleys lay dark and still, half hidden in purple shadows. The mountains, wreathed with purple mists, lifted themselves to the sky, which hung above, spotless of even the tiniest cloud. One star shone clear and bright, and the last ray of the sun faintly tinged the top of a far distant peak. Cool breezes played softly through the shimmering green leaves, and spicy perfumes came up from the valleys.

All this Eve drank in with the avidity of an enthusiast. Mark Heatherstone had eye, ear and heart for nothing but the sweet vision which met his gaze as he turned a sudden curve and came in full view of her as she sat in her pensive attitude with dreaming eyes and cheeks aglow. Never in her life had she seemed to him half so beautiful or dear to him as that moment; and never so far beyond his reach. He felt as if about to stretch forth his hand to affix the signature to his own death warrant; but there was no retreat now. Eve had caught the sound of his step on the stone and looked up with a little exclamation of surprise.

"O, I am glad it is you, Guardy," she said candidly, taking up the long unused, familiar address. Since she had grown to womanhood, she had gradually dropped the term and called him Mr. Heatherstone. His heart gave a great bound and then stood still as her sweet voice sounded the dear name in his ear.

He advanced and sat down beside her, as pale as the handkerchief he lifted to his lips carelessly to hide his agitation. She quietly drew the folds of her light dress out of the way to make room for him, and continued:

"What a sweet, sweet night this will be. Was ever anything more gloriously beautiful than this scene? I am enraptured, and wish I might gaze upon it forever. Do you know, Guardy," and here she smiled without turning her eyes towards him, "that I had one of my old 'moods' to-day. I thought them exorcised long ago under our combined efforts; but to-day the spell was upon me more than usually strong. I shall be sorry if they come back, unless they do me the service of making me less an idler—more of a worker in the world. I had such unsatisfied, tormenting desires revealed to me in the return of my 'old Nick,' that I shall soon be forced to change my habits if he comes often, and expect to turn 'blue' and astonish the world with the results. You surprised me in a mental attempt to immortalize these grand old hills in verse;" here she laughed, "as if," she added, "a poor, pigmy, human attempt could immortallze things that seem already divine—'the everlasting hills.'"

Now a little quiet fell between them. As yet he had not said a word. When he did speak, it was to blunder abruptly upon the purpose of his seeking her. His voice was choked and husky, and his eyes deep and dark with the anguish he strove to conceal.

"Eve," he said, "I saw you coming up here and followed you because I have something of importance to say. Mr. Harris called upon me this afternoon."

"Well?"

Her eyes questioned him, but nothing more. No conscious blushes deepened the glow in her fair cheeks, down beside which the golden curls rippled in glorious profusion.

"He came to speak to me of you."

"Of me? Well, what was it?"

"Surely you must have some idea," he replied with an attempt to smile. "His attentions to you must have shown you something of what was in his heart, but he refrained from speaking fully to you until he had gained permission from me. He told me of himself, his position and possessions, to which he adds ample proofs in the credentials that have accompanied him across the water. I can readily believe him to be a good and noble man, and if his attentions are agreeable to you, with a view to a warmer connection than that of mere friendship, I have no right to withhold permission for him to address you seriously. You must decide further for yourself."

While he was speaking, Eve's face lost its bloom and became as pale as his own. Two or three times she essayed to reply and failed. Large tears gathered and fell slowly, till she dropped her face in her hands and wept in silence.

He sat still, biding his time, though the suspense was torture. He dreaded to hear her speak, lest the last hope to which he clung should be shivered.

"Guardy," she faltered at length, lifting her head slowly, "I understand you, and I too believe Mr. Harris to be a good and noble man. Still I cannot think of him in such a way as he wishes, though I fully appreciate the delicacy of his course towards me. I—I—"

She paused in confusion, then spoke out desperately:

"Guardy, will it pain you if I positively refuse any further attentions from Mr. Harris—or any other gentleman with such views as his? I know it is expected that I shall marry some time, but I cannot think of happiness in any other home than Heatherstone Place. Unless you get tired of me, I think I shall never leave it while I live."

He could no longer conceal from her the secret that for months had been so painfully clear to himself. His exclamation startled her in its deep earnestness.

"Thank God, Eve, for prompting your lips to utter those words. Home would never be home again without you, its angel of goodness and brightness. It was like a tomb till you came to it, and since then I have learned to prize it as an Eden, where all blissful hopes and fancies were born. For months it has been like death to me to know that you might some day leave it for another, poisoning my life until every hour has had its meed of misery, deep and bitter. Oh, Eve, let my home be yours always—if I could dare to hope for more, I would ask you to say yet more—to tell me that you care for me enough to prefer it above all other places."

"I can say it," she answered lowly. "There is no place on the earth one-half so dear—and no other being with whom I can be half so happy as—my dear guardian."

He caught his breath with a deep inspiration, while his whole frame shook with suppressed emotion.

"Eve, do not lead me to hope too much," he gasped. "You are so young and fair, so fresh and pure, while I have lost from my life all that is freshest and best suited to offer to one like you. I am so much older than you are—the space is so wide between, I dare not hint at a sacrifice so great. But I know now, Eve, that I love you with all the strength of my nature, and it is no weak one. I have loved you ever since that night when I took you up in my arms, from where you had been weeping in your loneliness and distress. You changed my whole life—my whole household. I could not exist in it without you. More I must not say, lest in my ardor I should frighten you away. If I have already said too much, forgive me, and I will guard my lips from ever touching the subject again."

He was excited and trembling still, with great drops standing upon the brow he had bared to the breeze. Eve lifted her eyes to the troubled depths of his, and then put out her hand, saying falteringly:

"I know what you would say, yet you should not speak of sacrifice and the distance between us. I do not see it in the same light, for—"

"Eve! Eve! you do not, you cannot mean it! It is too much for me to hope—that you love me enough to pass over these considerations! Speak quickly, and tell me in all candor if I understand you aright."

"You have understood me rightly," she answered, while the tears rained fast over her beautiful face. "I love you better than all the world beside, and would be utterly miserable away from you."

"My darling! My darling!" he breathed, folding her in his arms. "Oh! I had not dared that Heaven would vouchsafe me such happiness as this—to call you my own dear one forever!"

An hour later the two wandered back to the house arm in arm, and the same evening Genevieve had an interview with Mr. Harris, in which she quietly told him that Mr. Heatherstone had explained his wishes to her. She was sorry if her necessary course must give him pain, but, long before she met him, she frankly confessed to having given her affections to another.

That ended the hopes of the young lover, and he could ask for no fuller explanations. When, a few weeks afterwards, he sailed for his native land, it was with a bitter disappointment in his heart, though no unkind feelings toward Eve, for he was forced to admit that she was irreproachable in all she had done. He will probably never know that ere he touched the shores of England, one of the New York churches witnessed a grand wedding, and that Mark Heatherstone carried a bride back to Heatherstone Place instead of the ward he had loved so deeply.

## Scenes in Washington.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 16th, 1865.

*Dear Post:*—The delights of Washington life have not spoiled me for the more quiet life at home, to which, even now, I look forward with a degree of pleasure which few persons here could realize, though I have not been a week in the city of "magnificent distances." Washington is like a great sugar-plum for me, and soon surfeits the little taste I have for gay life. Yet I am making no complaint. On the contrary, the few days spent here have been of unalloyed pleasure, long to be remembered for the sake of a variety of enjoyments, some of the greatest of which have sprung from the acquaintance formed with persons of note. To give you an idea, my dear Post, of the routine strangers generally go through who are so fortunate as to have friends here, I will go into detail and tell you what I have seen and heard.

I arrived on Friday night and took up my abode with my friends in the Seaton House, a beautiful new building, clean as a pin from garret to cellar. My welcome was cordial and hearty, filling me with pleasurable sensations from the first, which have lasted throughout, up to the present moment.

On Saturday morning, Mrs. General Plummer and I went through the Treasury Department, where I was quite interested with the various things I saw, especially the departments where the lady clerks are engaged in the duties that occupy them from nine A. M. until four P. M. From the Treasury, we went shopping, but one would need Aladdin's wonderful lamp to go extensively into this (to most ladies) delightful business. The prices of everything seem to be absolutely fabulous.

In the afternoon we attended Mrs. Lincoln's Reception, receiving at the entrance of the Reception Room, a cordial grasp of the hand from our great-hearted President, and a most gracious bow from Mrs. Lincoln, who received her guests with grace and ease. She was dressed elegantly in a lavender-colored silk trimmed with diamond-shaped trimmings of white silk, edged with black lace fine and narrow. A slender strip of white silk ran through the centre of each width of the skirt, also edged with black lace. The head-dress was of white lace barbs, drawn from the forehead back to the waterfall and floating away gracefully over the shoulders.

Taking a position opposite the door, we could conveniently watch all who came in, and were quite interested to see the really democratic style of the earlier arrivals. Mr. Lincoln had a kind word of welcome and a cordial grasp for all, often pausing to stoop over some wee toddler who came holding nurse or mother by the hand. Soldiers, rough, bronzed, and ungainly, passed to the "presence," received the "grip of fellowship," lifted grateful, confident, admiring eyes to their President's face, and then went out through the East Room, where a fine band discoursed splendid music.

After awhile a class of more aristocratic appearance began to fill the room until it was literally packed, and the hum of conversation became deep and animating. Admiral Farragut came with Mrs. U. S. Grant upon his arm, chatted awhile with Mrs. Lincoln, and then passed out to the East Room, where Mrs. Grant was soon surrounded by admiring friends. Generals Grant and Burnside were both in town, but were not present.

While standing quietly engaged in observations of what was going on, a pair of eyes caught mine, and a genial smile overspread the face of Governor Saunders of Nebraska, who advanced with outstretched hand and cordial greeting.

By and-by the crowd began to give way, and flowed through the door to the East Room, where we went to speak with Mrs. Grant. Very soon afterwards we took our homeward way, as the "Reception" was over.

About five o'clock General Burnside's card came up. He was just on the point of leaving the city for home, and had but a moment to remain, for which I was sorry. We spoke of the affair at Petersburg, and I congratulated him most heartily upon his entire exoneration from all blame. He has bided his time nobly, borne with patience the misrepresentations under which he suffered, and now, like all honorable, conscientious, devoted patriots, comes forth with new ties to bind him to the hearts of the people, to whose cause he has sacrificed much unmurmuringly.

Sunday was dull and stormy, so we remained quietly at home; but on Monday we were out quite early, and spent an hour walking about the rotunda and halls of the Capitol. When tired of this, we went up to the ladies' gallery of the Senate Chamber and watched the Senate as it assembled. Nothing of importance was brought up to attract attention, and from the Senate we went over to the House of Representatives. Mr. H. T. Blow, of Mo., came out and chatted with us for a few moments, afterwards Speaker Colfax, to whom I was introduced by Mrs. Plummer, with a degree of pleasure those Philadelphians will understand who lately heard his stirring speech at the Academy of Music. He showed us his room, where everything was elegantly and tastefully arranged. Large pictures of all the Speakers who have preceded Mr. Colfax, were hung around the walls, on which were also two fine ones of himself. A very few moments' conversation served to show me why this gentleman is so popular in Washington. Aside from an agreeable personal appearance, his genial, earnest manner must invariably impress every one with his generous sincerity of heart and devotedness to the duties of a most responsible position.

Monday evening found Miss Plummer and myself guests at the Washington House for a short time, where the boarders enjoyed quite a pleasant "hop." Senator Wilson, of Massachusetts, with his wife, were present, being boarders at the Washington. During the evening I was introduced to Mr. Wilson, and found him pleasant and agreeable. He remained in the room until the close of the evening, though he did not dance.

Tuesday morning found us once more at the Capitol. Mrs. Plummer sent in her card to Senator Pomeroy, of Kansas, who came out and had quite a chat with us. Mr. Foot came next, handsome and smiling. I told him Mrs. Plummer had promised to introduce me to the handsomest man in the Senate, to which he answered readily:

"Then she should not have begun at the foot, (Foot,) madam."

When we went over to the House, Mr. Dawes came out and entertained us in the Speaker's Room until Mr. Colfax was disengaged, who gave us his autograph, with some fine pictures of himself, designed for framing.

Tuesday night Mr. Sluyter gave us a splendid party at the Seaton House. The ladies were dressed with the most exquisite taste and elegance. The dining-room, which was used as a ball-room, was so perfectly free from dust as to make the enjoyment most delightful. Brilliant lights, merry music, handsome dresses, and delicious refreshments! What more could pleasure-seekers ask for the completion of a happy evening?

Mr. Wilson came over, and seemed to enjoy the amusement with the rest of us. I became much better acquainted with the genial and good-natured Senator than formerly. He had very politely and kindly shown us through a number of the rooms of the Capitol Tuesday morning, and now began to seem really like an old friend. I shall long remember this new acquaintance with pleasure.

Wednesday morning the rain fell in steady torrents. It seemed like madness to attempt going out in the streets of Washington, where rains produce anything but agreeable walking. But I felt very strongly inclined to attend the funeral services of Senator Hicks, of Maryland, and Miss Plummer went with me to the Capitol for that purpose.

In the rotunda we met Mr. Clark, member of the House from Northern New York, who took us over to the ladies' gallery of the Senate, where Mrs. Clark sat with some friends. Soon the galleries were all filled, and eulogies were delivered by the celebrated Reverdy Johnson, of Md., Hon. Mr. Hale, of N. H., and another gentleman, whose name I heard, but cannot remember. The tone of these eulogies revealed to us the high respect and affection in which the noble deceased had been held by his brother Senators, impressing us with profound reverence for the memory of such a man as he whom they carried in soon afterwards, and reverently laid before the Vice President's chair. All the members of the House came in order, and were seated; afterwards the Knights Templar, of which Order he was a member. President Lincoln and Secretary Seward gravely seated themselves near the coffin, accompanied by Attorney-General Speed and Postmaster General Dennison. Service for the dead began and was conducted impressively throughout, the funeral sermon bearing the same spirit of affection which had characterized the eulogies of the honorable Senators.

Several young men, employees of the Senate, bore the coffin from the Senate Chamber, and the funeral procession moved away to the cemetery where it was deposited in the vault—to be removed at some future time to his home, I have been informed.

So sleeps another of the brave and true, after a well-spent, beautiful life. His head was white with the snows of sixty-eight winters; his frame worn and feeble with toil and suffering. We must mourn the departure of the "faithful workers" in our land; but it is not as if he fell in the noontime, shattering every bright hope for usefulness and influence by which we, as a people, have been blessed through his fruitful life. He has gone home to the angels, his work well done. May we live as nobly, die as peacefully, and be as affectionately remembered by the many as he.

Mr. Colfax will give his last reception on Friday evening, after which the Washingtonians will probably be less gay, as these receptions have been one of the most pleasant features of Washington life this winter. Mrs. Lincoln and the President will continue to receive up to the Inauguration, which is near at hand. After the fourth of March, the all-important day of which everybody is speaking, gaiety will suddenly fall to low tide, and the capital will be as quiet, I presume, as any of our cities.

And now, my dear Post, having given you all the news I could reduce to a readable shape for a week's visit at the capital, I will bid you *au revoir*, subscribing myself

Truly yours, BELLA Z. SPENCER.

☞ A BAD PRACTICE.—Many persons who use kerosene lamps are in the habit, when going to bed or when leaving a room for a short time, of turning the wick down low in order to save a trifle of the consumption of oil. The consequence is that the air of the room soon becomes vitiated by the unconsumed oil vapors, by the gas produced by combustion, and also by the minute particles of smoke and soot which are thrown off. Air thus poisoned is deadly in its effects, and the wonder is that more persons are not immediately and fatally injured by breathing it. Irritation and inflammation of the throat and lungs, headache, dizziness, and nausea are among its effects.

☞ It is all nonsense to call this planet the solid earth; it is simply an immense hollow sphere filled with oil, worth—unmanufactured—fifty cents a gallon. In the old world they can't get at it, however, the crust of the earth being thickest on that side. We are all made men—not a doubt of it. Let us keep "pegging away" at the deposit. Let us dig and enjoy our *oleum cum dignitate.—N. Y. Sunday Times.*

☞ A genius down east has invented a new kind of a dwelling. They are made of India rubber, and are so portable that you can carry a row of three-story houses in your hat.

☞ From an inspection of the Stratford register, it is found that Shakespeare's widow subsequently married a shoemaker of the town, named Richard James.

☞ Two younger sons of the late Duke of Newcastle, who, it will be remembered, accompanied the Prince of Wales during his American tour, had a fight with carving knives recently, in a London club house, when the youngest, nineteen years of age, was killed by his brother, Lord Arthur.

☞ If you in lager find no bliss, and loathe cigars—no child to kiss—no wife to love—no gal to hug—don't seek oblivion in the jug; and if you haven't any sister, just ask some chap to lend you his, ter spark for a little while—then "splice," and all the rest will come in nice.

☞ S. L. Hyde, a United States detective, connected with the provost marshal's office, in New Haven, Conn., on returning home recently, asked his wife to get him some cartridges, that he might reload his revolver. As she started to comply with his request the hammer of the weapon slipped from his fingers and the pistol went off, the ball entering the heart of Mrs. Hyde. The unfortunate woman sprang forward, exclaiming, "I am killed, kiss me before I die," and in a moment was dead.

☞ We met a fool in the forest, who had the audacity to ask the following conundrum: Why cannot the proprietor of this forest fell his own timber? We looked confounded. Because no one is allowed to cut when it is his own deal.

☞ The labor in the Maine State Prison, last year, paid all the expenses of the institution and left a surplus of $4,000.


# SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, FEB'ARY 25, 1865.

## Terms: Cash in Advance.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
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A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF

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The paper or magazine will be sent to different post-offices if desired. The names and money should be forwarded as rapidly as obtained, in order that the subscribers may begin to receive their papers at once, and not become dissatisfied with the delay. When the whole amount of money is received, the Sewing Machine will be duly forwarded. The Clubs may be composed of subscribers to both periodicals if desired.

☞ In all cases the Machine sent will be the regular WHEELER & WILSON'S No. 3 Machine, sold by them in New York for Fifty-five Dollars. The Machine will be selected new at the manufactory in New York, boxed, and forwarded free of cost, *with the exception of freight.*


☞ Rev. Mr. Thomas prayed before the Supreme Court at Manchester, the other day, after this practical fashion:—"O, Lord, we pray that Thou wouldst bless the lawyers now before Thee. Grant, O, Lord, that they may at all times speak nothing but the truth. May they learn a lesson from the season—life is short—and waste no precious time in circumlocution and windy declamation." On the conclusion of this portion of the prayer, many of the audience outside of the bar responded with an emphatic amen.

☞ The Cleveland Plaindealer mentions the case of a well-dressed young man of good manners who gave in his income to the assessor at several thousand dollars, paid the tax, and had the pleasure of seeing his name in the lists among the nabobs of the country. On the strength of this he courted a wealthy man's daughter and married her. Then it was found out that he had no money, and had sold his mother's watch to pay the income tax. The government made a good thing out of it, so did the young man.

☞ "We dislike egotism in others," says Dr. Hebbard, "simply because of our own. It is a slight when we are by, that one should talk of himself or seek to entertain us with his own interest instead of asking us of ours."

☞ One of the rebel Peace Commissioners, as they were being escorted out of our lines, turned to Gen. Grant and said: "General, I am anxious to have peace, and I would be willing to leave the settlement to you and Gen. Lee." "Well," replied Grant, "I propose to settle it with Lee this summer."

☞ The Lord Chief Justice of the Queen's Bench, London, is in his ninetieth year, but he has yet given no sign of his intention to retire. It is affirmed by his numerous friends and admirers, that his perception is still as quick and keen, and his judgment as clear as ever it was.

## Signification of Colors.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

### Violet.

According to the rule laid down in regard to mixed colors, the prevailing shade gives the general signification, which is modified by the subordinate. When, however, the two colors are equally blended, as in the case of violet, the signification is deducible alike from both. Thus the combined signification of purple and hyacinth, is found in the violet, which represents both the love of truth, and the truth of love; or united goodness, truth, love, and wisdom.

It was by the passion that the nature of Jesus Christ became identically the same with that of God. God is Love, Christ is Truth; love and wisdom are the attributes of the one only God of Heaven. Jesus returning to the Father, unites the Divine Love to the Divine Truth by temptations, the last of which was the passion of the cross. On this account, Jesus, during the time of the passion, is represented on the symbolic monuments of the middle ages, in a violet robe, a color which denotes the complete oneness of the Father and Son.

In the person of God love and wisdom form one attribute, which in man is divided. Jesus, as a type of humanity, wears a red robe and a blue cloak; during the exinanition of human nature in order to a union with God, he appears in a violet robe; and at length, after his glorification, he is God Himself, and is clothed with red and white, the symbols of Jehovah.

Violet was attributed to the martyrs because they took up the cross and endured its pains in imitation of their Divine Master. It was also adopted for mourning in the case of persons of high rank, the palm of the martyr being decreed to them by flattery.

The kings of France, and cardinals, wore mourning of this color, and we sometimes see mortuary cloths of the same color in the illuminations of the middle ages, as in the breviary of Salisbury. It is also used as a mourning symbol in China, where, as we have before observed, blue has reference to the dead, and red to the living. The latter represents the vital heat, the former Immortality, and violet the resurrection.

Accordingly, we find amulets of violet color in Egyptian tombs.

Not to omit a point of importance in Christian symbolism, I ought here to mention that the mantle of Apollo was blue or violet. This divinity, exiled from Olympus, took flesh upon earth, and kept the flocks of Admetus. Apollo was a personification of the sun, and Jesus is called the new sun—the Sun of Righteousness.

The Christian who should imagine this remark an attack upon our Divine Religion, would be far from comprehending its majesty. B. Z. S.

## "ENOCH ARDEN."

Another version of Enoch Arden has come to hand by the way of Melbourne, written for one of the weeklies in that impudent city. We publish it entire as the "boiled down edition."

Philip Ray and Enoch Arden
Both were "spoons" on Annie Lee:
Phil did not fulfill her notions,
She preferred to mate with E.

Him she wedded, and she bore him
Pretty little children three:
But becoming short of rhino,
Enoch went away to sea.

Leaving Mrs. Arden owner
Of a well-stocked village shop,
Selling butter, soap, and treacle,
Beeswax, whip-cord, lollipop.

Ten long years she waited for him,
But he neither came nor wrote,
Wherefore, she concluded Enoch
Could no longer be afloat.

So, when Philip came to ask her
If she would be Mrs. Ray,
She, believing she was widow'd,
Could not say her suitor "nay;"

And a second time was married,
Gave up selling bread and cheese,
And in due time Philip nursed a
Little Ray upon his knees.

But, alas! the long-lost Enoch
Turned up unexpected-ly,
And was vastly disconcerted
By this act of biga-my.

Yet reflecting on the subject,
He determined to atone
For his lengthened absence from her,
By just leaving well alone.

Taking to his bed, he dwindled
Down to something like a shade,
Settled with his good landlady,
Next the debt of nature paid.

Then, when both the Rays discovered
How poor Enoch's life had ended,
They came out in handsome style, and
Gave his corpse a fun'ral splendid.

This is all I know about it;
If it's not sufficient, write
By next mail to Alfred Tenny-
Son, P. L., the Isle of Wight.

CURE FOR THE SMALL-POX.—The German Reformed Messenger has received a letter from a friend in China, in which it is stated a great discovery is reported to have been recently made by a surgeon of the English army in China, in the way of an effectual cure of small-pox. The mode of treatment is as follows:—When the preceding fever is at its height, and just before the eruption appears, the chest is rubbed with croton oil and tartaric ointment. This causes the whole of the eruption to appear on that part of the body, to the relief of the rest. It also secures a full and complete eruption, and thus prevents the disease from attacking internal organs. This is said to be now the established mode of treatment in the English army in China, by general orders, and it is regarded as a perfect cure.

☞ SINGULAR COINCIDENCE.—Maine and Missouri, which came into the Union together, one a free and the other a slave state, ratified the constitutional amendment abolishing slavery on the same day, the 7th inst.

☞ M. Chambay, of Paris, is about to introduce a new phase in photography. He has succeeded in fixing the color, as well as the form of the face, and produces a wonderful likeness, equal to the finest miniatures.

## A Grandmother.

BY MRS. F. D. GAGE.

Isn't it a nice thing to be a grandmother? To have six little feet come pattering to meet you when you get home; to be rejuvenated with kisses; and have little legs and arms coiling around you, like clinging vines, and swaying you to and fro, like rollicking winds, while merry laughter and clamor for precedence break forth like dashing, jubilant fountains.

Isn't it a happy thing to be a grandmother—to have your hands laid in your lap when they are weary, and young ears listening for "sing a song of sixpence," and little legs astride your knee, galloping to the time of

"Ride a Jack-horse
To Banbury cross,
To see what Charlie can buy—
A penny brown loaf,
A sweet sugar-cake,
And a half-penny apple pie."

Did not our grandmother sing that same for us, forty years ago? Are we one day older just now than we were then?

Then to have the little pink toes come out of the stockings, and put up to us so temptingly, for

"Hinta-minta, cuta-corn,
Apple-seed and apple-thorn,
Wire-briar, limber-lock,
Five gray geese in a flock,"

and so on to the end of that delectable story.

Isn't it joyful to be a grandmother? To sit in your son's or daughter's best parlor, filling the great arm-chair in the centre, which has been set for you by such kindly hands, and looking up into the four foot mirror on the wall, to see yourself, in the midst of a cluster of young life—fresh as the apple blooms that surround the central stem. To see yourself—gray hairs, wrinkles, shadows, and all; but what of it? You see too where the shine of your May-day locks has gone to, as you stroke back Fanny's "bonnie brown hair;" and the roses which you delighted in at fifteen have only transferred themselves to her plump cheeks. Lizzie has the laughing blue of your eyes; while Charlie, as he mounts the chair-back, and comes rollicking down over your shoulder into your lap, smashing your head-gear and tearing away pins and fastenings, makes you wonder how you can have one nerve of power left, with which to catch the bundle of frolic, and save it from annihilation. He is your own again.

Isn't it a paternal thing to be a grandmother? To see all of yourself duplicated and triplicated, over and over; to find every missing energy, every ripple of a laugh, every flash of feeling, every atom of the I don't care; every infinitesimal pill of mischief and mirth, which made merry childhood days to you—living, glowing, growing, and swelling into a life beyond and worth living for in a half-dozen others.

And do we grudge our darlings these treasures, once all ours? Not a whit more than we would grudge the candies and sweetmeats that we have no taste for, now that the up-hill of life is done with, and we are travelling down toward its sunset rest.

Isn't it a holy thing to be a grandmother? To bring the wisdom of a life-time, like rich, ripe fruit, for the hands of those we love; to turn the young feet from danger, and fix the young eyes upon the beautiful; to watch, to guide, to guard; to sing sweet lullabies to pride and folly; to snatch the temptations of passion from unwary fingers, teach the young hands to be useful, the young heart to be brave, and the soul to be pure and trust in God.

Oh, it is good to be a grandmother; to card, and spin, and weave all that is left that is good of the old garment of our own lives into the new fabrics which shall clothe and adorn many others who shall stand in our places when we shall be no more. But woe unto her who makes shoddy of her work.

## Safety Pockets.

We recently heard of a very simple, and we are inclined to believe, effectual method of rendering almost any pocket safe against the insinuating process of the light-fingered fraternity. It is simply to surround the opening into the pocket with a piece of rubber braid, so as to contract the aperture that the pocket-book, watch or other article cannot be taken out without the use of both hands and some considerable pressure and assistance by one hand on the outside. Any degree of tension can be secured by the rubber braid and the opening of the pocket reduced to any degree desired. The ends of the braid should be well fastened together, and it should be well tacked or sewed to the pocket, to keep it in place. It will be seen at once that this simple contrivance will prevent things from slipping from the pocket while riding in the cars, from change of position or other cause. We think also that it will be found "burglar-proof," which is a matter of the first consideration. At anyrate we commend the plan as worth a trial.

LOVERS OF THE WEED TO BE ANOINTED.—Among the useful suggestions made by a benevolent Englishman, is one for the removal of the smell of tobacco, in railway carriages, by bisulphate of carbon. A small bottle thereof costs but tenpence, and a sprinkling renders all sweet. Ladies are recommended its use, so that the particularly sensitive will now address the lover of the weed, who has the stale odor about him, in a railway carriage, with a request to permit her to sprinkle him with bisulphate of carbon. The idea might be introduced into this country with advantage. Every lady might have a bottle always handy on her centre-table.

☞ It is related of McKean Buchanan, the tragedian, that whenever he sits down to table, while travelling, and is asked by the waiter what he will be served with, he says, in a deeply melodramatic voice: "Ahem! Let me reflect—I play Richard to-night—give me roast beef!" The next day, perhaps, when again asked what he will have, the "eminent" a second time pauses to consider: "Ahem!—what's on the boards to-night? Ah! I remember—Romeo—'tis well! Give me waffles!" Some great actors content themselves with "dressing" to part; Buchanan goes still further, and "eats" to it.

☞ SHERMAN.—The confidence of the army in General Sherman is described as remarkable. The soldiers have many pet names for him. He is familiarly known as "The Corporal," "Tecumseh," "Uncle Bill," &c., every soldier considering that he has a kind of personal property in the reputation of the General.

### On Noses.

Noses have been classified as the Roman or aquiline, the eagle-beaked nose, the straight or Greek nose, the cogitative or wide-nostriled nose, the Jewish, the snub, the celestial or turned up nose. Of these, the first indicates decision, firmness of character, great energy, and with these a considerable disregard for the softnesses, littlenesses, and paltry ways of society and life. Many of our first-rate men have had Roman noses. It was a Roman nose which determined first upon subjugating this island; which nose, if legends tell truth, was broken in the attempt; for Cæsar fell from his boat as he landed, and damaged his face upon the hard shingles of the shore of Deal. How important the parts which have been played by this kind of facial organ may be seen by a glance into history. Beginning with Sesostris, we have Cato the Censor, Julius Cæsar, Henry IV. of France, Canute, Sir William Wallace, Robert Bruce, Edward I., Henry VII., Queen Elizabeth, Loyola, the founder of the Jesuits, Sir Francis Drake, Gonzalve of Cordova, who beat the Moors, the great Conde, Cortez, Pizarro, the Pitts, Washington, chief of the New World, and Wellington, the greatest captain of his age, all with Roman noses. Of course, also, we must add Columbus, who discovered America.

Without the testimony of portraits we could declare that it must have been a Roman-nosed man who, beaten from court to court, laughed at and neglected, still, by perseverance, got together his little money, and setting his back resolutely to the old world, steered over the waste of waters to the New. Of half Roman and half Greek noses, which class combines physical energy with refinement, many great men have boasted. Such were Alexander the Great, Constantine, King Alfred, Woolsey, Richelieu, Lorenzo de Medici, Sir Walter Raleigh, Sir Philip Sidney, and last, and greatest in energy and effect, Napoleon Bonaparte. His nephew has also an aquiline nose, rugose, coarse, large, but expressive, and cogitative as to the termination and nostrils.

It is impossible to conceive more beautiful faces than those which have the Greek nose, but the owners are men of too much refinement to be always energetic and bustling. Hence, when Napoleon, who was a nasologist, or nose philosopher, wanted any work well done, he asked for a man with plenty of nose. "Strange as it may appear," he says, "I generally choose a man with a good allowance of nose." Now, the Grecian nation never had a superabundance of that organ. Their noses were small, but well chiselled, straight from the forehead, without individuality or locality above them in the forehead, and accompanied by the well known Greek character, a preference for a diagonal action, craft, sharpness, good bargaining, and refinement. They loved the arts rather than war. They admired eloquence, because it indirectly persuaded. They were fickle, and were forever seeking something. The Romans would have battered down the walls of Troy in half the time the Grecians did, or they would have died under them. The Grecians loved to talk rather than fight. They remain in history, and occupy so large a space, because of the genius of their authors, not of that of their people.

The possessors of the Greek nose who have become celebrated in history will very fairly indicate the general character which it seems to point out. Addison, Byron, Shelley, Petrarch, Spenser, and Milton (in his youth) are among poets who were distinguished by this feature. Of painters there were many who, as their portraits show, possessed it: Raffaelle, the divine, one of the most beautiful of men, Canova, the sculptor, Claude, Titian, Murillo, and (when young) Rubens. Under this class very naturally falls a very excellent kind of nose, called the Greco cogitative. In youth many noses are purely Grecian; but these afterward develope into the rugose, widely nostrilled, cogitative nose, which the majority of great thinkers appear to have possessed. This is the last class of which we can at present treat. It should not turn up, nor be bluntly snubbed, but gradually widen below the bridge. The nostrils should be fine and wide, not close and thin. The lip should, as we have said, have a character of its own, and should certainly not be thin, which would indicate weakness and curiosity. Men of war or of theology, inventors, agriculturists, or strict men of business, possess this nose; and to enumerate the number of first-rate men who have possessed it would occupy more space than we could afford.—*London Society Magazine.*

### What an Editor Might Have Been.

Holland, the editor of the Springfield (Mass.) Republican, has been up in Vermont, to "Where he came from," and he thus sketched what he should have been if he had not left home and become an editor:—

Your correspondent would have grown stalwart and strong, with horny hands and a face as black as the ace of spades. He would have taught school winters, worked on the farm summers, and gone out haying fifteen days in July, and taken for pay the iron works and running gear of a wagon.

At two-and-twenty, or thereabouts, he would have begun to pay attention to a girl with a father worth $2,000, and a spit-curl on her forehead—a girl who always went to singing-school, and always "set in the seats," and sung without opening her mouth—a pretty girl, any way. Well, after seeing her home from singing-school for two or three years, taking her to a Fourth of July, and getting about $100 together, he would have married and settled down. Years would pass away, and the girl with the spit-curl would have eleven children—just as sure as you live—seven boys and four girls.

We should have had a hard time in bringing them up, but they would soon be able to do the milking and help their mother wash-days, and I, getting independent at last, and feeling a little stiff in the joints, would be elected a member of the legislature, having been an assessor and a school committee man for years. In the evening of my days, with my pipe in my mouth, thirteen barrels of cider in the cellar, and a newspaper in my hand, I should sit and look at the markets through a pair of gold mounted spectacles, and wonder why should such a strange, silly piece as this be published.

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Knots.—All the puzzles and complications and problems of life may be compared to knots. To disentangle hard knots there must be three requisites—good eyes, good sense, and good temper. For the nature of the minutest knot that ever was made in this life is to have two sides to it, and if you can get hold of these you can pull them apart. But to get hold of them you must see them. Next, there must be good sense to determine how to undo it; and, lastly, there must be good temper to undo it gently.

### The Rival Drivers.

Bates drove the bottled-ale wagon.
Gates drove the mineral-water wagon.
Bates was short, fat, and red.
Gates was tall, slim, and white.
Bates was enterprising.
So was Gates.
Bates drove out from the city, and supplied taverns along the road.
And so did Gates.
Bates despised mineral-water.
Gates despised bottled-ale.

Now, it happened that as they often met on the road, each considered that the other supplied his customers, and that the supplies of the other tended to undermine his own.

Entertaining a feeling of rivalry on this account, for a long time, when they drove by each other, they scowled and coughed defiantly, and at last they came to hostile words; for, one day, they chanced to reach Widow Bluejay's at the same time, and lugged in their bottles together. Here was proof positive that each did supply the other's customers.

"The more ale people drink," argued Gates, "the less mineral-water they want. That injures me."

"The more mineral-water, the less ale they call for," argued Bates. "I don't like that."

The next time they met on the road, neither would turn out; they drove into each other, and there was a jar of bottles and bad language.

Bates now told Gates that the next time he caught him carrying in any more of his mineral-water to Widow Bluejay's, he'd thrash him. And Gates said if Bates toted in any more stale ale, and he was by, he would smash him.

Each thought he had scared the other out of that; but, a few days after, Bates and Gates again met there, and sat down, scowling. While each was angrily musing on the prospect of a fight, to determine the fortunes of ale and mineral-water at that place, two young men entered and stood at the bar.

One called for bottled ale—"had got over his last spree by drinking mineral-water," he said, "and was now ready to go into ale again."

The other called for mineral-water—"he was thirsty, having drunk so much ale yesterday."

Being told, "We're just out of each," they left—one declaring, if he couldn't get ale, and the other if he couldn't get mineral-water, he wouldn't drink at all.

"Sorry my wagon is empty," said Bates.

"Sorry mine happens to be," said Gates.

Each looked at the other, irresolutely, for a moment, when some good spirit came down and made peace between them—it was Irish whiskey, proffered by the many jeweled hand of Widow Bluejay herself.

Bates and Gates shook hands and drank.

"Ha, ha!" laughed Bates, looking up at mineral-water.

"Ha, ha!" laughed Gates, looking down at ale.

"We're on an even footing—"

"And necessary to each other."

"I make thirst—"

"And I quench it."

From that day, ale and mineral-water popped corks together harmoniously.

### The Childhood of James Watt.

Watt was, from his birth, of an extremely delicate constitution, unfitted for taking part in the common sports of boys, and little prepared for those struggles with difficulties which afterward marked his career. His mother, who was a woman no less remarkable for her intelligence than for her personal graces, taught him to read when scarcely out of his infancy; and his father, who was a ship's carpenter and dealer in naval stores in Greenock, added a little writing and arithmetic. In the latter the child rapidly improved, and he was fond of working out his sums with a pencil upon scrape of paper, or more commonly with a piece of chalk upon the floor. On one occasion, when he was at work with the usual piece of chalk, a visitor who was present remarked to the father, "The boy ought to be sent to a public school, and not permitted to idle away his time at home." "Look at what my child is doing before you blame him," returned the father. The child of six years of age was endeavoring to solve a problem in geometry. Another time he was scolded by his aunt Muirhead, while taking tea with the Watts, for his assumed indolence. "Jemmy," said the worthy lady, solemnly, "I never saw such an idle boy as you are. Pray take a book and employ yourself usefully; for the last hour you have not spoken one word, but taketh off the lid of that kettle and put it on again; holding now a cup and now a spoon over the steam, watching how it rises from the spout, catching and counting the drops it falls into. Are you not ashamed of spending your time in that way?" The little James playing with the tea-kettle, observes M. Arago, who tells this story, became the mighty engineer, preparing the discoveries which were to immortalize him.

### If.

If is the first palpitation of Hope, and the last of Regret. If is uttered by the boy with careless confidence; by the man with ceaseless reproach. "We'll have such a game o' cricket," says the boy, exultingly, having already in his eye the prodigious "innings" he shall enjoy. "*If* master gives us a holiday," he continues, carelessly. "I should now be rolling in my carriage," says the melancholy merchant, "*if* I hadn't dabbled in the funds." Small *if*—"I should be hale and vigorous," says the dyspeptic, "*if* I had taken exercise, and had eaten rationally." Trifling *if*. "My child would have been a comfort to me in my old age," sighs the weak father, "*if* I hadn't over-indulged him." Insignificant *if*. In a word, on this small *if* rests our whole existence; *if* is the moral and physical foundation of the universe! "How so?" asks the reader. "Ie *it hadn't been made.*"

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☞ "The mortality among Byron's mistresses," said the late Lady A., "is really alarming. I think he generally buries, in verse, a first love every fortnight." "Madam," replied Curran, "mistresses are not so mortal. The fact is, my lord weeps for the press, and wipes his eyes with the public."

☞ A person from the country lately accosted Henry Mounier, under the arcades of the Palais Royal, at Paris. "Excuse me, sir, can you direct me the way to the Prefecture of Police?" "The nearest way?" said Mounier. "Yes, sir." "Very well. Go into this store, this jewelry shop; take the article which suits you best, say a ring, a bracelet, a necklace, and put it in your pocket. Then appear as if you were going off without paying for it. In less than ten minutes you will be at the Prefecture of Police, and by the nearest way."

### Radical Changes in Fashions.

A Paris correspondent of a London paper gives notice of some curious, and, as she says, "radical" changes in ladies' dress, in the most fashionable circles of the centre of fashion. Her descriptions will be sure to interest many of our lady readers. She writes:

In ladies' evening toilets it is impossible not to perceive a decided tendency toward a radical change. This change, or reform, is as yet confined to the very *elite* of fashionable society, but by a well-known and invariable law, will doubtless extend, in another season or two, to all classes that pretend to "dress," and not merely to be clothed. At Compiegne, this winter, one might have fancied one's self at the court of the Empress Josephine, so close was the imitation to the fashion of the first empire. Crinolines were discarded, the skirts being narrow, almost tight; the waists very short, cut in the shape of a heart in front, and supported by broad waist-bands with fancy clasps; the materials worn were dotted with gold stars or bees; the hair, much raised behind, was artistically disposed in a mass of tiny ringlets upon the forehead, and encircled by a diadem of massive gold or of precious stones. Rich necklaces, extremely long ear-rings, and gloves coming far over the wrist, completed the illusion of a return to the taste of Malmaison.

She adds, somewhat wickedly:

Few styles of toilet are more trying to female loveliness. If a woman is truly beautiful, it singularly enhances the effect of her natural graces, of the elegance and ease of her every movement. On the other hand, what a risk of revelations which the cunning art of the dressmaker has no longer the same discretion to prevent. For this reason it is to be expected that the new fashion will be slow in gaining universal favor.

Another contemplated change is to revive white muslin for evening parties. Female society will thus divide itself into two classes; the *riches elegantes*, who will wear satin of embroidered *gros de Naples*, or velvet braided with fur, toilets which, for a dinner party, are considered of the last elegance; and the *simplettes*, who will please in modest white muslin. Economy is given as the reason for this return to an almost discarded fashion; but we all know how severely exacting is this most "simple" of toilets.

For morning dress, in the country and at watering, or rather wintering places, in the south of France, long skirts have very sensibly been discarded. The skirt is worn tucked up over short fancy petticoats. The short, tight-fitting *casque*, held by a wide waistband, is of the same material as the skirt, generally a pretty English-made gray or some darker shade. The petticoat is a cashmere of a lively color, either blue, red, or lilac, enlivened by a small flounce, and ornamented with some trimmings or braiding, according to taste. An English hat, Polish bottines, stockings of the same color as the petticoat, and straw-colored dog-skin gloves, complete a walking costume as picturesque as it is convenient.

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☞ What Becomes of the Divorced.—The marriage returns of 1863, which have been just issued in London, distinguish the marriage of twenty-eight divorced persons in the year. Ten of these marriages took place in London. Fifteen divorced men married spinsters, and two divorced men married widows; nine divorced women were married to bachelors, and two divorced women to widowers.

☞ Persons who are hoarding the new cents do not seem to know that there is no premium on them. Brokers will give nothing for them, and any one can get as many as they want by sending to the mint sums not less than twenty dollars. Those who have quantities of them hoarded up had better put them into circulation.

☞ An Original Idea.—One of our good friends, in writing us concerning the condition of our men when they return from Southern prisons, suggests that when exchanges are made, they should be by the pound. We fat our prisoners; the rebels starve theirs; and our friend thinks that by exchanging pound for pound, we should get, on an average, about five of our men for two rebels.—*Vox Populi.*

☞ The Illinois Legislature has passed a bill appropriating $35,000 for the purchase of the burial place of the late Stephen A. Douglas.

☞ An English paper, in announcing the death of an old Gretna Green post-boy, who had driven more runaway couples than any other driver on the road, would like to know how many luckless men he drove to distraction when they thought he was only driving them to Gretna.

☞ A Sunday School scholar "out west," a lad of eleven, on being requested, with other members of his class, to repeat from the Bible a verse of his own selecting, promptly gave the following:—"If any one attempts to haul down the American flag, shoot him on the spot."

☞ The persons most anxious to add to their wealth are generally those who don't know how to make any good use of what they have already.

☞ A wave on which many a poor fellow has been carried away—The wave of a lace-edged cambric handkerchief.

☞ A French paper says the Empress lately exhibited "a great sobriety in the fulness of her petticoats," meaning the absence of crinoline.

☞ Orders were received at Camp Douglas, Chicago, a few days ago, to prepare to send away 3,000 of the rebel prisoners to be exchanged. Of 3,223 who were called out 715, more than one-fifth, refused to be exchanged. Nine hundred and thirty-one applied during the month of January for leave to take the oath of allegiance. They are now offering at the rate of about forty a day.

☞ "Only a Poet."—Mr. Tennyson recently lodged, for a few days, in a little island inn of the Hebrides, along with other tourists. On his departure, a young sportsman said to the innkeeper, "Do you know whom you have had in your house?" "No," replied the innkeeper. "That gentleman is the Poet-laureate of England." "The Poet-laureate!" echoed Donald. "Was it for a poet that I kept the best bed—a bard—a sennachie?"—and he marched off, apparently quite indignant at himself, for his undesigned politeness to so humble or doubtful a character as a poet.

☞ Two clairvoyant gentlemen, named Bonheur, are attracting crowds to the Cirque Napoleon. They go through all the business which may be called legitimate, but do the extra novelty of drawing the portraits, blindfolded, with chalk on a blackboard, of whomsoever is called for! The likenesses are said to be capital.

☞ One of the Pil-grim Fathers—Brandreth.

### A Woman With Two Husbands.

"*Keep the Wife and pay me for the Cow.*"

Some time in last fall, a soldier belonging to the 3d Wisconsin Battery, doing duty in the garrison in this city, married a woman living a few miles from town, who already had a husband living, he being a rebel and a prisoner at Camp Chase, Ohio. The soldier went to Wisconsin during the month of October, was mustered out of the service, and immediately returned here and went to his wife's to live. A few days ago, the rebel husband, who had taken the oath of allegiance, returned to this place, and on going to what he believed to be his own house, was surprised to find a Yankee in possession both of his wife and property. He endeavored to oust the Yankee and enter into his own once more, but was unable to effect anything, as his wife took sides with her Yankee husband and refused to leave him. The affair culminated yesterday in a suit before Justice Allison, brought by the rebel to recover the value of a cow which he claimed he had left at home when he went into the rebel army. The justice tried to make her understand that her first husband was her legal spouse, but she didn't care for that. To every argument of his, she returned, "Yes, but I like the Yankee the best!" Finding that it was of no avail to try to induce his wife to return to his bed and home, the rebel husband determined to save something from the wreck of his fortunes, and said to the Yankee, "Well, you may keep the woman, if you pay me $25 for the keow." "I'll pay it," responded the other, and the bargain was concluded on the spot. After the payment, the trio departed from the justice's office, each apparently well satisfied with the result.—*Chattanooga Gazette.*

### Sandwich Island Women.

A lady, writing from Honolulu, thus discourses upon the native women and their free and easy manner:—"The women are erect, wide in the shoulders, and carry their heads like queens; many of them are truly handsome, wearing their hair falling over their shoulders in curls, and surmounted with little straws garlanded with wreaths of lovely native flowers. They clothe themselves modestly and prettily, wearing the dress to cover neck and arms, and falling loosely from the shoulders to the top of the feet, which are often bare. Not being civilized like us, they have not been enlightened into compressing their ribs with iron and whalebone corsets, nor to disturb and torture their feet with overtight shoes, nor to put bonnets on their heads that run up into turrets of silk and artificial flowers, and leaving the ears at the mercy of the bitter winds, nor to make up forty five yards of steel wire into cages and fasten themselves within them, nor to carry an extra half-yard of dress bravely after them on the pavement, through thick and thin. Yet these women have the advantage of us, for are we not forced by the exigencies of custom, when we come with our long garments upon any impurities of the pathway, to shut our eyes and clench our teeth, and rush blindly over them; whereas these Kanaka women, at the sight of even a spot of water, lift their light garments gingerly, and pass over, clean and unsullied from the contact. Can this be barbarous?

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☞ A young married English lady, bearing the name of Lloyd, who has just made her *debut* in Parisian society, was unanimously declared the belle of the last ball at the Tuileries. Seldom has an English beauty made a greater sensation.

☞ The French are introducing a liquid amazingly puffed by the Chinese, who seem to excel Turk, American, or Frenchman—the Englishman being nowhere in the race of puffers. This liquid is called po'ho (*menthe*), and is sold at a fabulous price. There are three stories in the one cleverly-contrived bottle; the first story contains a green, the second a brown, and the third a red liquid. The use of these, cures mortals of every ill.

☞ A cargo of Japanese silkworms has just reached Marseilles, and it is intended to disperse these valuable caterpillars throughout the silk-producing region of France.

☞ Professor H. S. Quinn, of New York, who skated all the way from St. Paul, Minnesota, left St. Paul on the 9th, and reached Quincy, Ill., on the 23d of January, travelling the whole distance of eight hundred and fifty miles in fourteen days, *stopping on the way to deliver lectures.* He found the ice smooth and beautiful, and clear of air-holes. He had a clean stretch from St. Paul to Quincy, and he bowled down the globe, over five degrees of latitude, without meeting with an impediment. It is one of the most extraordinary feats on record.

☞ One of the most horrible events of modern times has lately occurred in Japan, illustrating the depraved and barbarous sentiments yet prevalent in that country. The Japanese mode of punishing the violators of law involves the wholesale destruction of the property of the criminal, his entire household of servants and goods. Recently the Prince of Negoto signed a promise, under a treaty, to pay a stipulated sum of money, which he refused to discharge at the designated time, and, in consequence, one of the Japanese courts have subjected him to the punishment of having his two palaces utterly destroyed, and four hundred and thirty-five servants belonging to him consigned to a cruel death.

☞ Dr. K———, the Unitarian minister in Plymouth, once supplied the pulpit of brother Whittemore, the Orthodox preacher in the little village of Chiltonville. A Bostonian present asked one of the congregation how he liked the Doctor. "Oh, well enough," said he, "but he don't believe in but one God." "Well, well," answered the Bostonian, "that's all right, one God is enough for a little place like Chiltonville; they don't have but three in Boston."

☞ An old sea captain, who was in the habit of spending his time while in port among a set of hard drinking fellows, returned to his hotel one evening, in a partially intoxicated condition. In going up to his room he walked out of one of the windows in the second-story and landed upon the pavement. Fortunately he was not injured by the descent, and upon going back into the house met the landlord. "Look here, Mr. ———," says he, "if you *don't shorten the steps* in your stairs I won't stop with you any more!"

☞ "My dear sir," said Drumsticks to a young married gentleman, who had just been made father of a bouncing baby, "my dear sir, can you tell me in what your present position varies from that of the same individual one year ago?" "Can't say that I can, Drumsticks." "I will tell you. One year ago you were a *sighing lover*—now you are a *loving sire.*"

## LATEST NEWS.

General Sherman entered Columbia, S. C., on Friday morning. According to an official dispatch of General Beauregard, published in the Richmond papers of Saturday, the Federal troops approached the south bank of the Congaree on Thursday evening, and threw a number of shells into the city. During the night they moved up the river, and the next morning forded the Saluda and Broad rivers. While they were fording these streams the rebel troops under Beauregard evacuated the place.

The Carolina iron works, in the Shenandoah Valley, from which the rebels were getting a supply of from sixty to one hundred tons of iron per day for military purposes, were destroyed by an expedition consisting of three hundred men of the first and sixth Michigan Cavalry, sent out by General Merritt.

Rebel papers of the 16th say that a cannonade of several hours' duration occurred on the Appomattox on Wednesday evening; that it was reported that the rebel troops were evacuating Wilmington; that the Federal troops are concentrating at Newbern, N. C., and have materials for repairing the railroad from Newbern to Kingston, and 2,000 troops of the Eighteenth Corps have arrived there; that the rebel troops abandoned Branchville on Sunday, the 13th; that Wheeler on the previous Friday whipped Kilpatrick at Aiken, fifteen miles northeast of Augusta; that Sloqum was advancing on Augusta with the Fifteenth and Sixteenth Corps, while the Fourteenth and Twentieth Corps are operating against Charleston.

The rebel flag-of-truce boat William Allison was blown up by a torpedo in James river on Friday afternoon. There were no prisoners on board at the time.

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☞ An English farmer who had great success in growing roots, being asked how many times the land should be ploughed for turnips, replied, "Plough it as many times as it requires, and then plough once more."

☞ A lunatic was found suspended to a tree with the following conundrum concealed in one of his boots: "Why is a clock the most persevering thing in creation? Because it is never more inclined to go on with its business than when it is completely wound up."

☞ Mr. Quilp has discovered that the first corn exchange was instituted by Joseph and his brethren.

☞ It has been said that any lawyer who writes so clearly as to be intelligible, is an enemy to his profession.

☞ Some years ago, says Richardson, in his anecdotes of painting, a gentleman came to invite me to his house. "I have a picture of Rubens," said he, "and he, "and it is a rare good one. Little H———, the other day came to see it, and says it is *a copy.* If any one says so again, I'll *break his head!* Pray, Mr. Richardson, will you do me the favor to come and give me *your real opinion of it?*"

☞ What makes old age sad is not that our joys but that our hopes then cease.

☞ St. Peter's Boat Safe.—An anecdote is told of the present Pope to this effect: One day, while talking with monsignori about the deplorable condition of the Church, one of them said—"Oh, we have nothing to fear, your holiness, for it is written that St. Peter's bark shall never be shipwrecked." "Yes," answered the Pope, "that's all very well for the bark; but how about her crew?"

☞ A recent traveller tells us how ladies may economize much money in the purchase of the article of lace, if they will but follow the custom of the intelligent females of Watusi. He says these ladies have, with great artistic skill, copied old point lace berths on their breasts and shoulders, of the most elaborate designs, by means of tattooing. Of course there is no visible reason why the idea should not be carried out to the fullest extent, and the like intimation of designs for other articles be copied in tattooing, and render the original unnecessary.

☞ Prentice says the learning of a women is often but a desperate substitute for some lost attraction.

☞ Everybody sees the cloud on the horizon, but who thinks of the clear blue sky above him?

☞ The following from Balzac: "In every situation woman has more causes of grief than man, and suffers more than he. Man has his strength and the exercise of his power; he is busy, goes about, occupies his attention, thinks, looks forward to the future and finds consolation in it; but woman stays at home, remains face to face with her sorrow from which nothing distracts her; she descends to the very depths of the abyss it has opened, measures it and often fills it with her vows and tears. To feel, to love, to suffer, to devote herself, will always be the text of the life of woman."

☞ A friend in South America writes to us that he is now spending a month with a farmer who owns a thousand miles of pasture, and a patch of corn larger than Scotland, while he has got so many cattle that he has to boil the fodder for them in a volcano.—*Exchange Paper.*

☞ The softer the head the harder the work of driving anything into it.

☞ A regular make-shift—the sewing machine.

☞ In choosing your grocer, let your motto be "measures, not men."

☞ New Book—History of Grease, or Oils Well that Ends Well, by Pete Roleum. We auger a grand sell in connection with the above.

☞ A bird that always faces the storm—The weather-cock.

☞ Sincere and happy conversation doubles our power. In the effort to unfold our thoughts to a friend we make it clearer to ourselves. Conversation fills all gaps, supplies all deficiencies; but the defects of men hinder this Paradise. Very rare are the high and fine gifts which make it perfection. The scholar, the philosopher, is probably an unmagnetic man, and cannot conform his conversation with his genius; he sits and suffers. The French say, "He is a blockhead; he is nothing but a genius."

☞ A western paper publishes the following: "We knew an old man who believed 'that what was to be would be.' He lived in a region infested by very savage Indians. He always took his gun with him when going into the woods; but this time he found that some of his family had taken it. As he would not go without it, his friends tantalized him by saying that there was no danger of the Indians; that he would not die till his time came, anyhow. "Yes, yes," said the old fellow; "but suppose I was to meet an Indian, and his time had come, it wouldn't do not to have my gun."

☞ The first Broker's Board—The money-changers in the temple.

### I AM WAITING FOR THEE.

BY BELLA Z. SPENCER.

I am waiting for thee—oh, the hours drag slowly;
Darling, say why dost thou tarry so long?
There's a hush o'er the earth now, deep, sweet, holy,
Broken alone by the brook's low song.
Come, oh, come, I am waiting for thee,
Down in the vale 'neath the old oak tree.

Shadows are lying across thy pathway,
Ominous whispers now rise mid the trees:
Was it a sob I heard through the gloaming,
Borne to my ear on the sighing breeze?
Oh, why, why stay? I am waiting for thee,
With a beating heart 'neath the old oak tree.

Alas! 'twas a wail! how my sad heart flutters,
And heavily beats with a nameless fear;
Now the brook's tone changes to angry mutters—
Father of love, is there danger near?
Hark!—no, thank God, for her light step free
Speeds o'er the down to the old oak tree.

Now, with thy head on my bosom pressing,
Fears, like mists, melt away into air;
And my heart beats lightly again, my blessing,
As I lay love's kiss on thy golden hair.
Thus, with thy blue eyes lifted to me,
Oft have we sat 'neath the old oak tree.

## The Suspected Spy.

During the time that Murat held military rule at Madrid, he had occasion to send important dispatches to Junot, then at Lisbon; but it was a matter of great difficulty, as all the roads to Lisbon were in possession of the army of Castagnos—troops commanded by the most distinguished men of the Spanish revolution—and were also infested by a more dreaded enemy of the French, the guerillas.

Murat spoke of his embarrassment to Baron Strogonoff, the Russian ambassador at Madrid. Russia was at this time the friend more than the ally of France. After some consideration, Strogonoff said he thought it could be managed. He proposed that a Polish lancer, dressed in the Russian uniform, should be charged with dispatches from his court to Admiral Siniavin, who was then at the port of Lisbon, and that he might at the same time, convey *verbal* dispatches from Murat. This scheme, he thought, was the more practicable; as the insurgent army of Castagnos was very desirous to obtain the neutrality of Russia, and therefore it was not likely they would give cause of umbrage by ill-treating its messenger.

Murat was delighted with this ingenious plan, and immediately sent a request to Krasinski, the Polish commander, to be furnished with any young man of his corps whom he could recommend as brave, intelligent, and of good address. A young Pole, eighteen years of age, named Leckinski, volunteered for the dangerous service.

Murat, who himself could calmly look death in the face, could not, however, in this instance, help pointing out to Leckinski the great peril he should be in should he be discovered. The young Pole smiled and said, "I thank your imperial highness for having honored me above my comrades by selecting me for this duty, and I promise to render a good account of my mission." This bold and unaffected reply inspired the confidence of Murat, who forthwith gave him his instructions, when he departed for Lisbon dressed in the Russian uniform, and furnished with the dispatches for Admiral Siniavin.

The two first days passed without molestation; but about the afternoon of the third, Leckinski was surrounded and taken prisoner by a Spanish troop, who, having disarmed him, dragged him before the commanding officer, who happened to be Castagnos himself. Let the chief be who he might, however, Leckinski saw that he was inevitably lost if he was recognized as a partizan of the French. He therefore determined on the instant not to speak a word of French, and only to answer in Russian or German, both of which languages he could speak fluently.

The dreadful imprecations uttered on all sides in his way to Castagnos, told him his doom was already sealed. He had before his eyes the horrible fate of General Rene, who, a few weeks before this, in executing a mission similar to his own—endeavoring to join Junot—had been assassinated in the most barbarous way, and expired amidst the most frightful tortures. Death by torture creates terror even to the stoutest heart, and the blood round the heart of the young Pole froze within him for an instant.

"Who are you?" said Castagnos in French, which he spoke well, having been educated at Sorriza. Leckinski looked at him steadily, and made a sign of ignorance, and answered in German, "I don't understand you." Castagnos, who spoke German, did not perhaps wish to figure further in the matter, as he left one of his staff to continue the interrogatories.

The young Pole answered alternately in Russian and German, but never once let slip the least French intonation. He was, however, very uneasy, as he was in a very small room, surrounded by a crowd of men eager for his blood, who only waited for his being pronounced French to fall on him and massacre him.

These sanguinary feelings increased to a pitch beyond the control of even the general himself, in consequence of what appeared as a most unlucky incident. An aide-de-camp of Castagnos, a man fanatically patriotic, as there were many in the Spanish war, and who, the moment Leckinski was taken, pronounced him to be a French spy, rushed into the chamber, dragging a peasant dressed in brown cloth, with a red feather in a high conical hat. The officer made way through the crowd, and, placing the man opposite Leckinski, said, "Look well at this man, and say whether he is really a Russian or a German. He is a spy; I will swear it with my life," said he, stamping furiously.

The peasant in the meantime attentively examined the features of the young Pole. The examination was not long; for, darting a malignant glance, with his eyes burning with rage, he clapped his hands and cried out, "He is a Frenchman!" and then told them that he had been only a few weeks ago at Madrid with cut straw, which had been required from his village, as well as from every other in the district. "And I recognize this man," continued the peasant, "as he who received my portion of forage, and who gave me a receipt for it." This was true. Castagnos possibly saw the truth of it; but he was a noble and generous adversary, and it was not by massacres that he wished to build up the edifice of Spanish liberty, which would have been raised more beautifully, and more durably, had such men as himself, Romana, and Palafox, had the sole direction of affairs. He saw well that the young man was not a Russian, but he dreaded the horrible atrocities which would have been inflicted on him should he be identified as a Frenchman. There was a doubt, and, above all, his appearance bespoke favor. He proposed, therefore, that he should be allowed to continue his journey, for Leckinski persisted that he was a Russian, and did not know one word of French. But, at the first word the general uttered, there arose a hundred threatening voices, and even murmurs of the word traitor applied to himself. There seemed then, no hope for mercy, for man becomes ferocious when he fears for himself. "You wish, then," said he, "to risk a rupture with Russia, whose neutrality we have solicited?" "No!" said his officers; "but let us prove this man."

Leckinski heard all, for he understood Spanish. He was led out of the chamber, and was thrown into a place which might have passed for one of the most frightful dungeons of the Inquisition. At the moment the Spaniards had stopped him, he had not eaten anything since the night before, and when the door of his prison closed on him, he had been eighteen hours without food. Add to this the fatigue he had undergone, the anguish and deep anxiety of his situation, and it will not be considered surprising that he fell nearly fainting on his wretched bed, which was placed in a corner of the room. The sun was not yet set. He had a glimpse of it through the cleft in the wall above his head, and the light, so brilliant in beautiful Estremadura, for a time cheered the heart of the poor prisoner.

This source of consolation, however, soon left him; the heavens became murky and cheerless; night closed around all; and poor Leckinski had full leisure to contemplate his dreadful position, which he judged as almost without the least hope.

He was undoubtedly a brave man. But to die at eighteen; it was very young. He battled with the visions which came before him and succeeded each other as in a phantasmagoria; at length youth and fatigue yielded, and he was shortly buried in the most profound sleep, the very image of death.

He had slept for about two hours, when the door of his prison was gently opened, and some one entered on tip-toe. A hand was placed before the lamp, and then some one leaned over the bed of the prisoner. The hand was taken suddenly from before the light, and he was touched lightly on his shoulder, and the sweet and gentle tones of a woman's voice said in French,

"Do you wish to take supper?"

Leckinski suddenly jumped up in his bed, with his eyes scarcely opened, and said in German,

"What do you want with me?"

"Let this man have something to eat," said Castagnos, on learning the result of this first proof, "and then let his horse be saddled, and allow him to pursue his journey. He is not a Frenchman. How could he be master of himself at such a time?—it is impossible."

But Castagnos was not alone. They gave Leckinski something to eat; but his horse was not saddled, and he remained in his prison till the morning. He was then taken to a place, and was shown the bodies of ten Frenchmen, who had been horribly massacred by the peasants of Truxilla. They kept him here all the day, threatening him with death, and that a horrible one. Constantly surrounded with snares, listened to with the most eager ears in order to catch a sound which might betray him, and watched by the most piercing eyes to discover a suspicious movement, he nevertheless maintained his equanimity. He had passed his word not to flinch, and he was resolved to keep it, and fulfill his commission. Not a single gesture or word of a suspicious nature escaped him. At length, after many hours of the most cruel trials, he was reconducted to his prison, and left to all the horrors of his uncertain fate.

"Gentlemen," said Castagnos, "I feel with you the great importance of preventing communication between the chiefs of the French army who are in Spain; but here, in the position in which we find this officer, we cannot treat him as a spy upon the simple assertion of one of our men. This man may be deceived by a resemblance, and then we shall become murderers—a part certainly ill-becoming us to take, gentlemen."

Poor Leckinski felt a degree of pleasure in re-entering his dungeon, which was comparatively an agreeable change from what he had undergone for the last twelve hours. He had had nothing before his eyes but gibbets and hideous bloody carcases, exhibited to him by men with the looks of demons, and the most ferocious countenances. His thoughts were, as it were, under the influence of a spell. He believed he saw on the cracked walls of his prison the fantastic shadows of the victims he had seen hanging from the trees on the roadside. Surrounded by these gloomy visions, exhausted nature again overcame him, and he fell into a deep sleep.

During this repose, his door was again softly opened, and his bed approached. The same gentle voice said in French,

"Get up, and come; you are saved, and your horse is saddled."

The courageous Leckinski, however, always on his guard, said in German,

"What do they want with me?"

Castagnos, on learning the result of this new proof, declared that the young Russian was a noble fellow. He had thought so, he said, all along. But this opinion could not sway the commission, *who wished to find him guilty*, and were outrageous at being thwarted in their wishes. All party spirit tends to weaken our just judgments of things; but the party spirit at this time in Spain raged with indescribable violence. These men, being baffled in accomplishing their bloodthirsty desire for a human sacrifice, were completely beside themselves. They were the same judges who had condemned General Rene *to be sawed in two!* who had placed Colonel Pavetti in an oven, and had horribly mutilated Franceschi.

Leckinski knew his danger, but he quailed not. After another dreadful night, four men, one of whom was the same who said he had seen him at Madrid, came to conduct him before a sort of tribunal, composed of many of the officers of the staff of General Castagnos. During the short interval on his way, they uttered the most terrible threats; but, true to his resolution, Leckinski appeared not to understand what they said. When he came before the judges, he appeared to understand what was going on, more from the preparations than what was said around him. He asked where his interpreter was. The examination commenced. He was asked what his object was in travelling from Madrid to Lisbon. He answered by showing his dispatches from the Russian ambassador, and his passport. This would certainly have been sufficient, had he not unfortunately been recognized by the peasant. But the assertion of this man, persisted in with great firmness, afforded strong evidence of his real character to men so eagerly athirst for his blood.

"Ask him," said the president of the commission, "if he loves the Spaniards, since he is not a Frenchman."

"Yes, undoubtedly," said Leckinski; "I love the Spanish nation, and I esteem it for its beautiful devotion. I wish our two nations were friends."

"Colonel," said the interpreter in French, "the prisoner says that he hates us, because we make war like banditti. He despises us, and he only regrets that it is not in his power to unite the whole nation into a single man that he might end the war with one blow."

Whilst the interpreter spoke, every eye was on Leckinski, watching for the least movement of his countenance on hearing this unfaithful interpretation of his answer. But on coming to the tribunal he had made up his mind to every trial, and he therefore maintained the most astonishing self-possession.

"If they kill me," he thought to himself, "they will not only kill an innocent man, but one who has all the appearance of innocence, and they will therefore have all the odium of my death."

"Gentlemen," said Castagnos, who, contrary to his wishes, assisted at this last trial, but would take no part in it, "it appears to me that this young man cannot be suspected. The peasant must have been deceived. Let him, therefore, be set at liberty, and continue his route; and in rendering an account of what he has undergone at our hands, he will do well to take into consideration the continual danger of our position, which must excuse the rigor we are forced to employ."

They then restored Leckinski his arms and dispatches, and gave him a safe passport; and he went away victorious over, it certainly may be said, as strong tests as were ever practised on a human being. He arrived at Lisbon, fulfilled his commission, and expressed a willingness to return to Madrid; but Junot would not allow the brave fellow to run such another risk.

## Petticoat Yankeedom.

BY "OUR OWN" CORRESPONDENT.

[We think our readers will be highly amused with the following article from *Bentley's (London) Miscellany*. There is some truth and much exaggeration in its statements—but the writer evidently is sincere, and means to be truthful. It seems to be almost impossible for a stranger to depict any people as they really are. In the present instance the whole picture is more or less distorted. American society is much more like English society—if the best English novels convey a correct idea—than the author of this article thinks. There is more freedom allowed to American than to English girls, and Americans of all classes are as courteous to women generally as English gentlemen are to their own class—that is about all the difference.—*Ed. Sat. Eve. Post.*]

The respect which lovely woman enjoys in America can be seen at once in the streets. They walk next the houses, and a man gets out of their way while throwing his cigar aside. In Boston, no smoking is allowed in the streets on account of the ladies, and the prohibition is strictly maintained. If a lady wishes to cross, she stops on the curbstone. The first coachman who comes up stops, and allows her to cross, thus stopping a whole row of vehicles. If a driver were to be ungallant, and not obey a lady's signal, the nearest policeman would compel him to do so. In America there are no cabs, except a few in the largest cities. Hence ladies use, like every one else, the cars and omnibuses. If a lady open the door of a 'bus and find it full, the nearest gentleman gets out. It is the same in the trains and steamers, where ladies have their own cars and saloons, into which no gentleman is allowed admission unless accompanied by a lady. If the lady-cars are full, the new comer enters a gentleman's car, which by the mere fact is converted into a ladies': the gentlemen rise, give her the best seat, refrain from smoking, and so on. This mode of behavior is formally prescribed on the large river steamers. A printed placard is put up, regulating the behavior of gentlemen towards ladies. In one paragraph, for instance, you read: The gentlemen are not to sit down to table till the ladies are seated. In another: Do not put your feet on chairs in the presence of ladies. In a third: Do not spit on the carpet; and so on.

Ladies are most respectfully treated in hotels, every large one having a separate wing for them, separated, as far as possible, from the rest of the building. There is a special entrance to it, over which is painted, Ladies' entrance. The door is guarded, and gentlemen are not admitted without ladies. If a gentleman wish to speak with a newly-arrived lady, he is shown into a separate parlor. The ladies' apartments are far more comfortably furnished than those of the gentlemen, and many of them find there a luxury which they are obliged to dispense with at home. For this reason, they are so pleased to get rid of the drawbacks of domesticity. Hence the hotel is the be-all and end-all for which all ladies tired of housekeeping yearn. A pouting wife may at times be brought to good humor by promising to send her for a month to an hotel. On the other hand, a wife who wishes to bolt from her husband needs only proceed to the nearest hotel, where she is safe from all persecution. Travelling ladies can always reckon on finding good quarters, and if their division is full, room is made for them elsewhere. Generally, a couple of gentlemen-rooms are converted into lady-apartments. The gentlemen affected by the necessary arrangements readily yield. Besides, in many hotels there is a fashion of lodging the gentlemen after all the ladies have arrived. This rule is most prevalent in hotels lying off the main road. How rigorously it is maintained, will be seen from the following adventure which occurred to myself:

A party of us, three gentlemen and a lady, made an excursion to the Catskill mountains, the "American Rigi." On the top of the mountain there is a large hotel, greatly frequented in summer. A good road runs to it from the station where you get out, and it is a drive of some hours ere you arrive. You are conveyed in omnibuses, which are always sent in readiness for a large party. Hence there is no reason to apprehend want of room. For all that, we resolved to make sure of a lodging by hiring a private vehicle, and preceding the rest of the party. We really arrived an hour before the rest, and began rejoicing at the success of our scheme. The hotel, as we heard, was nearly empty. The landlord promptly advanced to welcome us, and our friend and his wife were at once given rooms. After this was done we fancied our turn would arrive, and readily placed ourselves in the hands of the host. But we were cruelly undeceived. The man appeared as much surprised at our request for a room as we were at his answer. He looked askant at us for a while, and then said, dryly, "As gentlemen without ladies, you must wait till all the ladies have arrived." All our efforts were fruitless: the Yankee remained inexorable. We must wait, whether we liked it or not! And this waiting lasted from ten A. M. till eleven P. M., when the last omnibus drove up. When the female contents had been disposed of, we ventured to inquire how matters stood with us? "Well, you can't have a room. There are all filled with ladies, and you must sleep with twelve others on the dining-room floor." That was the answer, and, at the same time, the reward for the long waiting and the private vehicle. Our European anger can be comprehended, and we asked our married friend to intercede for us. But it was all of no use: the rooms were really occupied, and all we could do was to give in. Our friend, however, employed a stratagem to escape at least from the dining-room floor. He introduced us to the landlord as distinguished foreigners (the D. F. ranks next to ladies, and then come members of the press). The result was, that he gave us his own room, and with this we must be satisfied, though it was an awful hole.

Cases like this frequently occur, especially in summer, when the great heat sets in and everybody is on the move. At this season an unmarried man is in a regular fix, and does not know what to do. If he wish to travel, he has a number of unpleasant eventualities to expect; if he will not travel, but go into the backwoods, human existence is at an end; if he wish to travel, but avoid the main roads, he runs the risk of bad quarters, or none at all. Still he cannot stay at home, for the climate leaves him no peace—so what is he to do? A lady, a kingdom for a lady, if only for the trip—so sighs many a bachelor to himself at such moments. Europeans, too, who at first feel so delighted at travelling without a wife, very soon alter their opinion in America. A single jaunt to Point So-and-So suffices to convert them. At such times they appear very mild and despondent, and would be willing to carry a multitude of bandboxes if only wifey were with them. Luckily bandbox carrying is not necessary in America. The arrangements are so sensible that such nuisances are abolished. The traveller hands over his luggage immediately on entering the station. Two persons are standing at the door, one of whom takes charge of the traps, while the other delivers the checks. There is nothing to pay for the luggage, which is free on all the lines. As for taking tickets, there is the most perfect license. You can do so at the office, if there happen to be one, or during the journey. For this purpose the guards are supplied with tickets, from which they cut off a portion to give the passenger, and retain the rest as a check. The result of this arrangement is, that waiting-rooms are unnecessary, and the traveller goes aboard the cars at once. Such rooms are only found at intermediate stations, where passengers change. The delivery of the luggage to the traveller is equally simple, and is not effected by the railway, but by so-called express companies. An express officer travels with every train, who walks through the cars before arriving at a station, and offers to look after the luggage. Any one who does not care to be bothered with it merely exchanges his mark and address for that of the company. The official gets the luggage together before the arrival of the train, and hands it to his people in the station. Here the company's cart is waiting, and before the passenger reaches his house—the American generally calls in first at his office—his luggage is at home.

For ladies these regulations possess special advantages. In the first place, they permit them to take a great deal of luggage with them, and they take full advantage of it. Their baggage usually consists of a perfect Noah's ark, large enough to contain the entire pre diluvian creation. Like Noah, too, the American lady packs up everything which may have interest for posterity. This convenient ark allows boxes, bags, &c., to be dispensed with. The truth is, that every passenger is allowed but one luggage ticket, and hence is compelled to cram all into one trunk. What an advantage this is for ladies they learn practically. Except her ark, an American lady takes nothing with her beyond her reticule and parasol, and in most cases the husband carries the latter.

A second advantage possessed by travelling ladies in America is connected with their personal movements. As she has no trouble with luggage and office, she can go by herself to the station: protected as she is by the customs of society, she requires no male escort, or else a friend or brother conducts her to the car, and another friend awaits her at her destination. This feeling of personal security and liberty has a very favorable effect on the temper of the ladies. The female portion of an American train is quite different from what it is in Europe. Of course this feeling reacts on the men. Thanks to the regulations, an American lady travels like a goddess. She goes from city to city, as from one room into another. She feels at home everywhere, and the whole Union constitutes her boudoir. To travel with her is consequently a delight. Even the traveller who has no lady with him finds compensation in the society of the other ladies. A mere seat in a lady-wagon suffices to cheer one up. Still more pleasing is it on board the steamers that shoot across the great lakes with a party of the beautiful daughters of the Union. Here we have, besides the bright exterior of the ladies, the remarkable elegance of the cabins. If Jupiter send a bright moonlight, the poetical picture, a piece of American romance, is perfect. Strangers who complain of the prose of American scenery and people, have certainly never travelled with pretty Yankee women. Otherwise they would have learned that the real poetry is to be found in the social institutions.

When an American lady starts on a tour, one thought occupies her before all—whether she shall select a male protector or not. According to the customs of the country, she has a right, if she has not brought a vassal with her from home, to select one from the rest of the travellers. The mode in which this is effected is very simple. The resolute lady steps up to the man of her choice, and says: "Sir, I am going to X———. Will you have the kindness to protect me?" "Of course, miss." This settles the affair. Perchance the gentleman addressed may add: "But I am only going to O———." "No consequence," she replies; "in that case we will remain together as far as O———." When we have conversed together—she thinks, and so do we—he may perhaps go to X———. It is necessary to know what are the duties of such a protector. As a general rule, he has two things to do: firstly, he must hold his tongue when not spoken to; and secondly, he must watch for every opportunity to be of service to his weak protegee. The reward he receives for his services varies, and is generally granted during the trip. The protector has the privilege of accompanying his charge everywhere, of entering the lady-car or saloon with her, of seating himself by her side, and waiting on her at table; in short, of playing the perfect gentleman, and looking down on his fellows who are not in the same position, as pariahs. The rest of the company, who are well acquainted with the roses and thorns of protectorship, on their side respect his position, and pay all due honor to the happy wretch. Should any unexpected obstacle occur, the protector has only to call his charge, and it is at once removed. In truth, the lady always tries to save her protector from any unpleasantness. Immediately on entering the car or saloon, she at once surveys the ground, whose weak points are at once noticed. With an energy and a speed resembling that of the express train, they are seized on, and employed for the mutual benefit. The protector plays a passive part in all these evolutions, and eventually reposes triumphantly by the side of his commander-in-chief and under the national banner. For as at sea, the rule holds good in American society: the flag covers the cargo. The end of a protectorate varies greatly, and depends entirely on the grace and temper of the protegee. By her way of dismissing him he can estimate his value as a gentleman. Merely to mention the more common forms of termination, and exclude friendship and marriage, it is frequently a word of thanks or a look, but at times not even this, that the protegee grants on leave-taking. In the latter event, the protector merely bows, and quietly retires. He is not even allowed to ask the name of the lady he leaves behind him. In conclusion, an anecdote will supply an instructive lesson, as told me by an American lady:

"I was once going," so she told me, "by steamer from New Orleans to Cincinnati. The trip was a most pleasant one. The weather was splendid; the Mississippi and the Ohio were full of water, and I had a protector, who seemed to be a perfect gentleman. We had not been acquainted before the voyage, and had a delightful talk together. On taking leave he was so affected, that he implored me to keep him in mind, should I ever require a protector for life. This took place as we were crossing the landing-stage, and, owing to a false step, I plunged into the river. Well, that was of no consequence, as I was fished out again directly; but my protector, who had just sworn—Oh, what do you suppose?" "Leapt in after you." "Oh, no! When I looked for him he was standing quietly ashore, and smoking a cigar." "And what did you do?" "I? I gave him a glance of contempt; he was crushed, and—drowned for ever."

Let us now visit the American lady at home. The houses are quite on the English style, and calculated for a single family, so that even bachelors, who take a house together, live *en famille*. Whenever, in the household arrangements, there is a difference of comfort, the advantage is entirely with the ladies. The mistress, and after her the eldest daughter, have the right to choose the rooms they like best. The other sisters exercise the same privilege, according to seniority. This is certainly facilitated by the fact that father and brothers are absent on business the whole day, and during this period the ladies naturally rule the roast. The programme for the occupation of the children is regulated by the mother or her substitute, the eldest daughter, whom all the younger members of the family are bound to obey. As a rule, the female portion of the family holds the same position towards the male as at German courts the irresponsible monarch does towards the responsible ministry.

At dinner and after it, when the family assemble in the parlor, the ladies take the most comfortable seats. If visitors call, the gentlemen surrender their chairs, but the ladies remain seated. The same is the case when a lady who is speaking to her neighbor, addresses a third person. The gentleman addressed advances and the other retires. At evening parties, which every family gives at least once a week, the gentlemen are true *cavalieri serventi*. They hand the ladies tea, ices, &c., and must not help themselves till they have performed this duty. The gentleman, who, as a reward, is allowed to escort a lady home, is delighted at the honor. Even in conversation the part taken by a man is more an accompaniment than a direct intervention. In order to be introduced to a lady, great difficulties have frequently to be overcome. There are certain forms which are not to be found in any Handbook of Etiquette. A word about them here will not be wasted. The best thing is to look about for an influential lady friend, whose advice is requested. If she think well of the proposal, her intervention may be asked for, though in the most delicate manner. If she assent to this, it is your business to retire as far as possible out of sight, so as not to be a spectator of the negotiation. When the envoy extraordinary returns, you must not hasten to meet her, but get out of her way. It would be improper to press her for her report sooner than she thinks proper. Only at a distance, and secretly, you may read the result on her face, if you are not short-sighted. An unfavorable answer is not reported at all, but, if insisted on, is given as follows: "Miss N. is now engaged. I am very sorry; it was not possible. I could not bore her so." Such are the squalls which drive the unfortunate man out into the open sea. The fortunate man, whom his pilot steers safely into port, must employ equal caution. After he has been introduced, he must avoid betraying his intentions by any premature remark. Any rapid questioning or sympathising hints are most strictly prohibited, for the American, who sees in them an encroachment on his privacy, does not like them. American ladies possess an enormous talent in escaping awkward questions. They rattle off them like peas from the sides of a *Monitor*. They are equally well skilled in assuming the offensive. Although no man dare annoy them with questions, they possess the right of cross-examining other people, and satisfying their curiosity. Every man is expected to give them a distinct answer to their queries. It is of no use attempting to escape by a side-wind or by telling half truths, for they deduce the whole from the half. The silent or obsti-

nate man, however, cannot escape a barbarous fate: the sharpest punishment that an American lady can invent awaits him.

The latter are not fond of punishing, but, when they do so, it is in an exemplary manner. In the criminal code of American society there are three degrees of punishment. The first is when the offended lady cuts the criminal. The culprit, although allowed to appear in the presence of his judge, must not address her. In the second grade of punishment, the culprit must fly the presence of the insulted lady. As this punishment cannot always be easily carried out, it is rarely employed, and the court passes to the third grade, or outlawry. When this is employed, the judge behaves in the following manner: She summons all her female friends, explains the circumstance to them, and asks their sentence. Should it be "guilty," as is usually the case, the culprit is expelled from society, and forced to flee to other climes. The strict organization of American society renders such a verdict most successful.

The prospects of forgiveness are rather bad. The American lady recognizes no moral obligation or reasons which render a pardon advisable. She feels at the most an interest in pardoning. But, should such a feeling be aroused, and pardon be granted, it does not help the pardoned man greatly. The most he requires is a restitution to the *status quo ante*—that is to say, restoration to his position prior to introduction. He must then begin again from the beginning, and pass through all the stages, ere he is introduced again. How difficult this is, is seen from the fact that American ladies have usually a whole string of such introduced gentlemen, who only ascend the ladder step by step. As each step, when vacant, is immediately occupied, there is rarely room for a new comer. As a rule, a vacancy is only produced by death. A general promotion is a very rare occurrence, but, should it happen, there is great rejoicing in Israel. These friends are called, in the official language, precious stones, and there are as many varieties as in the mineral realm. Ladies talk about their jasper, onyx, opal, &c. The noblest is, of course, the diamond, who sits on the topmost round of the ladder. The gentleman upon this has nothing to apprehend, except that he may suddenly fall down—in consequence of a marriage.

The reader desirous of understanding the criminal code of American ladies, must be acquainted with their prerogatives. Their number is as infinite as the caprices of a female heart. We can, therefore, merely mention the most important of them, which is, at the same time, the fountain-head of all the rest. We may call it the right to be married, just as French artisans have a right of labor. American ladies assert a claim to wedlock. They distinguish themselves from the former, however, by the fact that they not only claim their privilege, but carry it into practical effect. According to the American law, a love-letter addressed to an American spinster is regarded as a promise of marriage. The legal results of this system are extraordinary. Any one holding such a proof can go into court in the name of the recipient of it, and demand her in marriage to the man implicated. Usually brothers and friends undertake this office, mostly uninvited, and even against the wish of the young lady.

Owing to the elasticity of the idea of love and the speed and unbending nature of the courts, the sentence is usually favorable to the plaintiff. Two lines of writing are frequently sufficient to draw a verdict of "guilty" from the jury. And it must not be supposed that such sentences are not executed. I knew a case of a doctor residing in New Jersey who tried to escape from such a sentence, but was caught by the girl's brothers at the station, and dragged off to church and married. The poor fellow eventually succeeded in escaping from the arms of his spouse, but was obliged to retire far west under a false name. The love monopoly of the ladies extended further in earlier times. In Connecticut, for instance, there was a statute by which, under a penalty of five pounds, no one was allowed to make love to a girl without the knowledge of her parents. It is true that such statutes no longer exist, and the courts, too, feel disposed to act more mildly, but the weight of public opinion has not decreased, and extends its influence far beyond the law. Such laws naturally influence the behavior of the men. Contrary to the ladies, they are all distinguished by great reserve. An American is never heard talking loudly in the presence of a lady, and there is a conventional moderation of voice, which everybody knows and observes. At the same time, the number of subjects fitted for ladies' ears is much smaller in America than Europe; many things we talk openly about must not be mentioned there. For instance, I once at a dinner-party asked the lady of the house where she bought her excellent potatoes; and heard afterwards that she evaded the question because it was not proper. Through such reserve American gallantry requires a certain dryness and roughness. They perform all these chivalrous duties with the looks of a debtor who wishes to pay honestly. And the ladies accept the homage offered on the same terms. No word, no squeeze, no flashing glance rewards the cool knight, who is only too glad to remain cold—cold to his very heart.

A malicious man might be inclined to compare this sort of gallantry with the state of siege declared in Europe over insurgent cities and states. The well-meaning, for whose protection it is intended, are glad of it, and willingly accept the inconveniences connected with it; while the malcontents are kept by it within bounds. And here, as elsewhere, a proclamation is merely required in order to restore tranquillity and order. When I was returning from the grand tour through the United States, I experienced this myself at the last station before reaching New York. When the train stopped, the landlord of the railway hotel entered the wagon, and shouting, "Gentlemen, five minutes to take a drink," invited us to get out. I accepted his invitation in good faith, but had scarce got out when the train started. My annoyance was great; within an hour—it was nine P. M.—I should have been able to reach my cozy quarters in Broadway. I loaded the landlord with reproaches, and he acknowledged his error, but could do no more. As I continued to abuse him, and, producing my ticket as a member of the press, threatened to pillory him, he left the room with hanging head. Ere long, however, his two daughters made their appearance, and said to me, from a distance, "Will you kindly take a cup of tea with us?" That was to say, the state of siege is declared. I was forced to capitulate and accept the offer.

There are fops everywhere, and in America as well, though fewer here than elsewhere. Still the boasting of a fop is not tolerated. In the event of a *fat* boasting of a *bonne fortune*, true or false, he is—horse-whipped. Two, three, or four comrades, combine and let the fellow feel the weight of their arms. If the motive be not in all cases chivalrous, still the girl's reputation is saved. Even worse fares the man who ventures to insult a woman publicly. All who are witnesses of it hurry up and repulse the insolent aggressor. Woe to the man, however, who insults a lady and assails her feminine honor. A bullet through the head from the hand of a husband, father, brother, or friend, is the least that awaits him. The murderer is certainly put upon his trial, but the jury will acquit him, after that public opinion has done so beforehand. Even a husband, who has the reputation of not treating his wife well, does not escape certain awkward consequences. His integrity of character is suspected, and his commercial credit suffers as a natural result. In this way, then, everything combines to protect woman's position—custom, morals, and the law, we may even add, nature. An American, who had daughters and no son, one day informed me that his wife had just borne him another girl, the fifth. "Really, Mr. B———," I remarked, "five girls are too much of a good thing." "What is to be done?" he answered; "the social privilege of our wives is so great that even nature can do nothing against it."

The advantageous position of American women naturally reacts on themselves. They know that public opinion protects them, and hence they display great security and calmness. In the parlor and on the street, in the church and the station, their demeanor is always the same. I never saw an American lady embarrassed. She has no fear of a crowd, and American matrons and girls may frequently be seen at places to which a European man or lad would not go, through fear of rough treatment. In the same way she has no plague with lady's-maids and servants; she goes out alone and returns home alone. Even brothers and sisters are not always regarded as the most agreeable companions. If she desires a companion in reality, she chooses him herself. In this respect she is entirely free. The American daughter has her own connexions, and pays and receives visits, of which her parents are ignorant. The parlor is at her disposal, as well as at that of any other member of the family, and no control is exercised over her. Europeans, who have not been long in the country and notice such things, are frequently astounded at them. Frenchmen, more especially, cannot understand the *degage* manner of these young republicans, and are easily inclined to ascribe it to their own irresistibility. Generally, however, they pay quickly and severely for their mistake. For though an American girl may seem so bold and reckless, she is not the less delicate and full of fine feeling. What is permitted to herself, she does not, on that account, permit a man to do. This would not only oppose her feeling of independence, but even more, her feminine dignity. The latter feeling is extraordinarily sharp in the American women, and you will not find any without it; it is innate. All the circumstances surrounding her, too, are of a nature to keep the feeling aroused. At home, at school, in the city or in the country, there is always something to remind her of her dignity. The father addresses her as a gentleman, her mother treats her as an equal, her brothers are polite and attentive to her. Teachers, male and female, continually remind her of her dignity. Hence it is the great idea by which every American woman is ruled. If Montecuculi said that in war three things are needed—money, money, money—so can the American lady say, that for true ladyism are needed dignity, dignity, and dignity. Even little girls playing with their dolls have their notions about dignity, as the following anecdote will show:

I was spending a few days at Trenton Falls, a romantically situated hotel on the falls of the same name. A large verandah runs all along the house, in which mothers generally sat with their children. One afternoon, as I was walking up and down with a friend, a little five-year-old girl ran backwards towards us. As she must have fallen, I caught her in my arms. She at once leaped back, looked at me angrily, and declared, "I do not allow you to touch me."

As we have seen, the nature of every American woman is composed of two elements: dignity and independence. We may call the first the north, or negative, the second the south, or positive, pole of the female magnet. Let us assume that this magnet is affected at its southern pole by some external influence. Active reaction at once sets in. The north pole acts against the south, because it is disposed to obey the law of attraction; and the south pole reacts against the north, because it interferes in extraneous affairs. The struggle, once begun, does not cease, but goes on till one pole or the other has gained the mastery. The question now is, which shall succumb to the other? The various answers to this question produce a different grace, according as dignity yields to independence, or *vice versa*. In reality, both cases occur, and in so far there are two sorts of female grace in America: but the latter event is the more usual, and constitutes the rule. When such is the case, nothing can be conceived more graceful.

Coquetry is the result of grace, and is most original in America, consequently deserving our special notice. We will follow the description of a Frenchman, who has written about the coquetry of American ladies, although we correct his errors. A young man and a young woman meet and form an acquaintance. They discover a congeniality of tastes, and the young woman invites the young man to visit her. The latter arrives to tea, and miss introduces him to her parents, or does not do so—it depends upon their being at home. They converse in the most frank manner, and the young man takes leave at the usual hour. If, as he retires, Miss Smith says, "I hope to see you again soon," the connexion is established, and runs its ordinary course. There are, however, no painful dreams, no deep sighs, no alarm as to the future. Everything is calm, quiet, and transparent as a nursery tale. The youthful American does not indulge in any illusions; he knows the positive value of things, and does not consider himself an Adonis because his attentions are accepted with thanks. He continues his business or studies without interruption, and only thinks of his beloved in his leisure hours. Every young man paying attention to a girl in America is called a beau, even though he may be as ugly as the deuce. The beau, if doing a good trade, or possessing means of his own, at times sends the belle flowers, new pieces of music, or other presents of no great value. The belle, in turn, nets him a purse, or makes him a cravat. All this is unimportant, but a thing that oversets our European notions is, that the couple undertake walks and excursions, drive out together, and drink milk or eat ices at a third spot, without any witness. And what scenes they have together! We will sketch from nature:

SCENE FIRST.

(The scene is the corner of a street: the beau is waiting, without anxiety or impatience. After Miss Smith has looked at the clock, she puts on her bonnet and joins him.)

THE BEAU. Good day, miss; how are you?

MISS SMITH. Very well, sir; and how are you?

T. B. First-rate, I thank you. You were very punctual.

M. S. I did not wish to keep you waiting.

T. B. That is very kind of you—always gracious and kind.

M. S. How could I help wishing to please you. You are so attentive and polite.

T. B. Where are you going?

M. S. To make purchases in Twelfth Street.

T. B. Will you permit me to accompany you?

M. S. Certainly.

T. B. What are you going to buy?

M. S. A silk dress for mother, some Swiss lace for myself, and knitting needles for my little sister.

T. B. Your sister promises well?

M. S. Yes. I think she will be pretty.

T. B. She will never be equal to you, that is impossible.

M. S. Gallantry renders you unjust; in three or four years you will see that I am only a Cinderella by her side.

T. B. No beauties are comparable with yours, and no lady of the present or future time can sustain a contest with you.

M. S. I am pleased to believe that you are expressing your conviction.

T. B. In truth, those are my sincere feelings.

M. S. I am greatly affected by them.

T. B. Here we are in Twelfth Street.

M. S. I am going into this store.

T. B. And I am going to inquire the price of cotton.

M. S. I think I heard it had risen.

T. B. I am not certain about it, and must ask; will you grant me another rendezvous for to-morrow?

M. S. Certainly; but I cannot get away before five o'clock. You will not wait for me at the same corner; I will go down the street on the left hand.

T. B. Very well, I shall be there. Good-bye, miss.

M. S. Good-bye.

SCENE SECOND.

(A country inn; the horse is baiting. Miss Smith eating an ice, and the beau swallowing a sherry cobbler.)

T. B. It is a glorious evening.

M. S. Yes, this gentle breeze is refreshing after the great heat we have had. The thermometer rose to 90 deg., and father says that is nothing, for it will rise to 110 deg., as it did last year.

T. B. We shall not know what to do.

M. S. We shall go to the sea-side.

T. B. I shall be very sorry to see you go away.

M. S. Come with us.

T. B. Impossible. I intend to speculate in buffalo hides, which will take me to the west.

M. S. My good wishes accompany the business.

T. B. It must succeed, as soon as you take the slightest interest in it.

M. S. I have always noticed with pleasure that your judgment is sound, and your calculations rapid.

T. B. Yes, I can, without flattering myself, say that in our town there is not a better or quicker reckoner than I am—just as in the whole of the United States there is no other lady who has such pure and exquisite blue eyes as yours.

M. S. You are too gallant.

T. B. I only speak the truth.

M. S. We must be starting.

T. B. I am at your orders, miss.

M. S. And pray drive quickly. I have invited a young beau to tea, who has just been introduced to me, and is really very nice.

T. B. I will put the horse at a sharp trot, so that the gentleman may not be tired of waiting.

SCENE THIRD.

(The family parlor. Tea has been drunk, and the beau is on the point of taking leave.)

M. S. I wish to speak to you.

T. B. At your orders.

M. S. Your visits are too frequent; people are beginning to notice that we often walk out together; I shall not flirt with you any longer.

T. B. As you please, miss. I have the honor to take my leave of you.

M. S. Good-bye.

There is no instance of a repulsed beau refusing to obey the commands of his belle.

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The *liaison* just described is called in America a flirtation. Every American man and every American lady must have had such a flirtation once in their lives. It would be an error, however, to suppose that the Yankees have a permanent tendency to flirt; on the contrary, the propensity does not last long, and the period of flirtation is short. The young people are aware of this, and ridicule those who go beyond bounds. Of a girl or a young man nothing worse can be said than: She is a flirt; or, He is a lady's man. As we have seen, flirtation has its two sides: on the one hand, the girl wishes to enthral the young man and make him feel her supremacy; on the other, she is afraid of falling into the snare herself, and hence holds back. The whole thing is an amusing game, that imitates the forms of love—an exercise of the feelings. Still, experience teaches that it does not always remain mere sport, and that flirtation has its practical purpose also. This purpose is the study of men's characters—a study for which an American woman has an immense passion. In this study, however, she would not make any great progress, if she had not a third thing to assist her beside her dignity and independence. This is the excellent education which the American girl enjoys, and without which she could effect nothing. This deserves a little closer investigation.

In no country is so much expended on the education of girls as in the United States. It lasts not only longer, but is better and more thorough than in Europe. The girls generally go to school up to their eighteenth, sometimes their twentieth, year. During this period they are not only well grounded, but their learning ranges over a vast variety of subjects. In the schools no great weight is attached to learning foreign languages, although the great talent of American girls in that respect is notorious, but more time is bestowed on the practical sciences, history, botany, &c. Nearly every American girl has her herbal, and continues it even after leaving school. Another subject, unusual among us, but greatly studied there, is trigonometry. Nor are music and drawing neglected.

As I have stated, the girls go to school without any escort, and it is an interesting sight to see the tall students, many of marriageable age, going in bands through the streets, bearing bundles of books. There is another custom peculiar to the American seminaries. Now and then the male friends of the young ladies attend at the examinations. The gallant visitors have thus an opportunity to observe the progress of the young ladies in the sciences and *belles lettres*. A discharged beau is at liberty here to take a silent revenge on his belle, if she happen to break down. On the other hand, many a life-union has been produced in this way. M. von Bibesko, the deceased Russian envoy at Washington, formed the acquaintance of his wife at a college. But when the American miss leaves her university, she often has more in her head than many an Oxford man, who fancies muddy port the height of human felicity.

But my subject has unwittingly attained such dimensions, that I must reserve the further consideration of it for another letter. I trust that the present instalment will be perused with interest, as the contribution of one who has had peculiar facilities for studying the question of female rights and wrongs in the United States.

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## THE FOSSIL IMPRESSION.

Her light feet on a noble heart she set,
And went again upon her heedless way,
Vain idol of so steadfast a regret
As never but with life could pass away.

Youth and youth's easy virtues made her fair,
Triumphant through the sunny hours she ranged,
Then came the winter—bleak, unlovely, bare,
Still ruled her image over one unchanged.

So, where some trivial creature played of old,
The warm, soft clay received the tiny dint;
We cleave the deep rock's bosom, and behold
Sapt in its core, the immemorial print.

Men marvel such frail record should outlive
The vanished forests and the hills o'er-hurled,
But high-souled Love can keep a type alive,
Which has no living answer in the world.

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# THEO LEIGH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DENIS DONNE," &c.

## CHAPTER XIX.

### AUNT LIBBY.

Miss Ethel Burgoyne led the way into a room whose proportions and polished floor made Theo feel very small and rather awkward on her immediate entrance. Space and a slippery boarding are apt to give one these sensations when come upon suddenly through an error of judgment such as Theo felt conscious of having committed. She recovered herself immediately, however, and comprehended the apartment and its occupants before they had time to mark either fleeting feeling. The inanimate things shall be described first.

The room into which they had passed through a glass door from the terrace was lofty-arched and groined as to the roof, oak-panelled, and well hung with unmistakeable family portraits as to the walls,—spacious and imposing altogether. In the centre of the floor there was a richly-colored Turkey carpet, but the margin that was left uncovered, of polished oak, would have cut up into a good many moderately sized apartments.

One entire end of the room was occupied by a huge bay window, the broad, deep, solid, carved sill, or seat, as it had been formerly, was now made to serve as a flower stand. There was such a wealth of flowers upon it! They gave to the room what it would otherwise have lacked—a glow of color, a fullness of tone that time-darkened carved oak and time-honored portraits would have been powerless to effect.

For carved oak was the predominant feature in this room, into which Miss Leigh was led. Carved oak writing-tables and cabinets, carved oak chairs, mantel-piece, and screen. The sole piece of furniture indeed that was not of carved oak, was a small modern piano in an unadorned modern oak case.

It was not a dining-room, undoubtedly; nor was it a drawing-room; books were not abundant enough for it to be a library; and the most ignorant in such matters could hardly have fallen into the error of imagining it a boudoir. It had been in truth the chief resort of the family when this old oak was new, and it was the chief resort of the family still, the home-room, the heart of the house. They assembled themselves together in it more constantly and comfortably than in any of the modernized rooms, in the fitting-up of which Jackson and Graham had had a hand.

There was a regular orthodox picture-gallery at Maddington—a picture-gallery that was as badly lighted, as long, as dull, as rigorously correct in all particulars, as the picture-gallery of an old family mansion ought to be. But the best pictures, the most important, interesting, and agreeable-to-look-upon pictures, were hung here in the oak-parlor.

For by that simple name they call this big room in which Theo Leigh felt herself to be so very small a thing at first. The wife and daughters of the Sir Hugh Burgoyne,—who had built the mansion back away in those good old days—those dark ages when the Lancastrian Queen was striving to regain the rights her weakly lord had lost,—the wife and daughters of the man who was then causing their name to sound in the land had sat in this room weaving silken standards, and had called it the oak-parlor on account of its panelled walls. At a later date, when the knight's descendants had been Lords Viscounts for some goodly period of years, at a date when Addison wrote, and Steele drank, and Marlborough fought for the queen, and the queen quarrelled with Marlborough's wife,—at a date when oak-carvings disputed public favor with pug-dogs, the room was furnished anew after the grand substantial fashion of the day, and became more emphatically the oak-parlor than before.

Prominent among the great array of pictures that were on the wall facing the three windows which opened on to the terrace, there hung one that was at once Lord Lesborough's glory and grief. It was that portrait of Charles the First coming out of a wood on a white charger of which Vandyck painted three duplicates. Lord Lesborough's glory was that this was one of the great master's works. His grief was that friends and enemies alike were unanimous in declaring it to but a copy, "though a very good one," they inhumanly added, of the exquisite original. The picture was dear to his heart, but, like many well-loved objects, it was a great trial to his temper. Friendship is ever apt to point out to us with more pertinacity than pleasantness that what we prize as real is but a base counterfeit.

By the side of the mounted melancholy monarch there hung a full-length of his pet courtier Villiers in black velvet, and majesty such as even Charles himself did not possess. As a pendant to this there was a portrait of a long dead and gone Burgoyne, a tall handsome blonde-haired, bright-visaged young cavalier, whose presentment on canvas arrested Theo's attention, and then enchained it, much as he himself had been wont to arrest and enchain the eyes of all women who looked upon him when he was in the flesh. From the moment her looks fell upon him, Theo glanced no further afield over the well adorned oak-panelled walls. She could only gaze at the prototype, and feel a faint pity that so fair a thing as this blue-eyed cavalier should have mouldered into dust generations before she was born.

Miss Ethel Burgoyne had taken Theo Leigh into the room, introduced her to Lord Lesborough, "my father," and Miss Burgoyne, "my sister," and planted her on a couch opposite to these three pictures with a quiet celerity that set Theo completely at her ease, through proving to her that Miss Ethel Burgoyne at any rate saw nothing awkward or out of the way in the mistake that she (Theo) had made.

"John made a mistake at the station and brought away the wrong young lady," Miss Ethel said, when she had mentioned Theo's name to her father and sister. "Poor Mrs. Vaughan will be in despair; I think we ought to send down to the vicarage and relieve her anxiety."

"I think I ought to go to my aunt and explain to her how I came to be so stupid," Theo suggested. Then she mentioned having passed a pony-carriage by the station as she came along in the dog-cart, and the two Miss Burgoynes exclaimed that "It was Mrs. Vaughan's probably."

"Do you know—ah! but I know that you are nearly a stranger to your aunt, Miss Leigh," Miss Burgoyne said when Theo again proposed going with her explanation in person.

"She is a stranger to me; I was a child when I saw her last," Theo replied.

"Now we know her very well, very intimately indeed," the elder Miss Burgoyne went on earnestly. "Ethel, shall we take Miss Leigh over to the vicarage, and explain the reason of her not being there before, to Mrs. Vaughan?"

"I don't see the necessity of our hurrying Miss Leigh away in that manner, Grace," Theo's first acquaintance rejoined, and a faint blush overspread her face as she spoke. "Mrs. Vaughan is sure to drive over here from the station; if she finds that we have already draughted Miss Leigh on to the vicarage she will think the very thing you want to prevent her thinking."

Miss Burgoyne seated herself again in the chair from which she had risen on Theo's entrance. She was a tall, fair, placid-faced woman of thirty-four or five, composed and matronly in her bearing; so composed and matronly, indeed, that she might well have passed for the mother of the younger lady who had gone out on the terrace to welcome Theo. Miss Burgoyne smiled very softly and sweetly on Theo as she reseated herself, and held out her hand to the interloper in a way that bound her to the house of Burgoyne for ever.

"Then you must be kind enough to feel quite happy and comfortable with us till such time as your aunt comes to claim you, dear Miss Leigh; my sister is right, I think, after all. Mrs. Vaughan is apt to be a little nervous."

"Do you mean a little fidgety?" Theo asked; she liked these Burgoynes, and was in no particular hurry for her aunt's arrival.

"You must try not to think her so, for she is a dear good woman," Miss Burgoyne replied.

"But she has her foibles, dear old lady," Ethel whispered.

Then Lord Lesborough, a fine old gentleman with a great expanse of buff waistcoat and bald head, said he thought he heard the pony-carriage coming up the drive. So forthwith they went out in a body to meet Mrs. Vaughan, and explain to her the reason of her having had her journey to the railway station for nothing—or worse.

It was the pony-carriage that they had heard, and in it was Mrs. Vaughan, the "Aunt Libby," whose name was so familiar and whose *personnel* was so strange to Theo. Directly Theo saw her aunt she appreciated the Burgoynes' motive for desiring to assist at the explanatory meeting between herself and her relative.

"Aunt Libby is a pretty old lady," was Theo Leigh's first thought; "Mrs. Vaughan is fussy" was her second, and when she thought this she involuntarily threw off a little of the deprecating manner she had been preparing, and stood rather more on the defensive than she had been purposing to do a minute before.

Mrs. Vaughan got out of the pony-carriage and came towards them rapidly, speaking words that were evidently words of reprobation and excuse. The reprobation was to Theo, and Theo (she had ever been a petted child, remembered) felt sorely inclined to resent it.

Mrs. Vaughan was warm and excited, therefore, pretty old lady as she undoubtedly was, she looked and felt somewhat at a disadvantage as she came up to the cool composed group who were awaiting her. She was a fair, florid, hazel-eyed and haired old lady, possessed even now at sixty-eight of a neat trim plump figure, and a "well-defined waist." Her glance was quick and keen, her bonnet was gaily trimmed and badly tied, her shawl was expensive, but ungracefully adjusted. Now none of these things are pleasant to contemplate in the stranger with whom we are bound to sojourn for a period. But none of these sights would have caused Theo a moment's regret had she not observed that Mrs. Vaughan smiled vividly with her thin cleanly-cut lips, the while her eyes were darting unmistakable sparks of anger.

"My dear Miss Burgoyne," she began, "it's a thing that I wouldn't have had happen for the world." Then she shook hands warmly with the two Miss Burgoynes, and gave the tips of some badly gloved fingers to Theo the offender.

"But we are very glad that it has happened," Miss Burgoyne replied; "your niece has been kind enough to overlook poor John's stupidity; you must do so also, Mrs. Vaughan."

"Ah, my dear, it's not John's stupidity," Mrs. Vaughan replied with vicious emphasis. Then she clutched her shawl more firmly around her, settled her bonnet afresh vengefully on her head, and endeavored to smile refulgently upon

the Burgoynes and glare wrathfully at Theo at one and the same moment.

"I shall very soon go back to Bretford," Theo thought. The wrathful glare aggravated her; she was quite ready and willing to render unto Cæsar the things which were Cæsar's, in so far as giving honor where honor was due went. Still, she could not feel abjectly remorseful on the subject of the unintentional raid upon the Burgoynes, or her Aunt Libby's vain drive to the railway station.

"We will come over, or at all events I will come over to-morrow to see how you are getting on," Miss Ethel whispered to Theo, as the latter, in obedience to rather peremptory orders, strove to adjust herself in Mrs. Vaughan's pony-carriage, when Mrs. Vaughan proposed departing.

"I don't think I shall get on too well," Theo replied; "I have been made to feel such a pitiful offender already, though she has scarcely spoken to me, that I never shall like being with her."

"Try not to mind her weaknesses," Miss Ethel said, with the bravery that is so easy and so customary when the weaknesses in question do not immediately affect the speaker. "She's a dear good woman, as I told you just now, and I should like you to stay at Hensley for some time."

Lord Lesborough's second daughter shook hands very warmly with Theo as she said this, and looked strangely like that blonde-haired, bright-visaged, blue-eyed, young cavalier who had enchained Theo's attention when she first entered the oak-parlor. It was a glorious beauty truly, and Theo felt it to be so. "Ah, how handsome a living man would be like it," she thought; "it's too bold and bright for a woman that something she has in common with the picture." Then she had to bring her thoughts back to the passing scene as Lord Lesborough and his eldest daughter came up to say "Good-bye" to her, and hope they should see her again.

Mrs. Vaughan maintained an austere silence towards her niece until they were clear of the Maddington grounds and the Burgoyne influence; she then gave her feelings voice.

"What must they have thought of you for being so awkward, Theo? I am very sorry that the first member of my family that they have seen should have impressed his lordship and the young ladies so unfavorably."

It was a way of mentioning them that caused Theo's blood to run cold, a style of designation that bordered upon the servile, she thought, and that might more fittingly fall from the lips of her maid than her aunt.

"The Miss Burgoynes didn't seem to be unfavorably impressed with me, aunt; don't meet troubles half way."

Theo leant back in the little pony-carriage as she spoke, and strove to render herself comfortable by drawing the wrap-shawl, which they had spread over their knees, around her more closely. Mrs. Vaughan marked the movement and resented the motive. She objected to the one with whom she was ill-pleased striving to attain bodily ease.

"I must say," she observed, viciously whipping up her fat pony as she spoke, "that you take things very coolly, and with considerably more unconcern than is becoming, my dear."

"What things, aunt?"

"Things that vitally concern our interests," Mrs. Vaughan snapped out suddenly.

"Good gracious, aunt! what?" Theo cried, starting erect in an instant; "what have I done? what do you mean? endangered your interests! how?"

"Lord Lesborough and the Honorable Miss Burgoynes—the *Misses* Burgoyne I should say—are not likely to think the more highly of your uncle, the Reverend Thomas Vaughan, and myself, from seeing how utterly unaccustomed a member of my family is to the usages of good society."

"Oh!" Theo said wearily; "is that all, then?"

"That all indeed! quite enough, I'm sure. To think," Mrs. Vaughan continued, lapsing into a lachrymose tone, "that you should have marred by your own stupidity and ignorance the fine prospect I had opened for you. Ah! it's too vexatious!"

"But, after all, aunt, it was a venial offence that I committed. I was very tired—oh! I *am* so tired; and I was glad to meet any one who seemed to be there to meet me. The Miss Burgoynes were so kind, they quite understood how it happened."

"The mistake was not so bad as the way you acted after it was made, child. You should with humble dignity have refused to intrude yourself upon them. 'You do me too much honor, Miss Burgoyne,' you should have said, 'but I think that I had better instantly return to my aunt, Mrs. Vaughan, who is doubtless awaiting me at the railway station. I will not intrude myself upon you'—that's what you should have said. 'Intrude myself upon you,' that would have looked pretty and modest, and have shown them that you knew your own place and theirs. As it is—why, mercy on us, child, what's the matter?"

Theo had been engaged in a sharp mental battle for many weeks; she had been wounded in it, though not worsted in one sense. Still, though not worsted, she was terribly weakened. Added to this, she had been further enfeebled by a long, tedious, trying journey, and the sense of having made a mistake that was awkward, though nothing more. These things combined to render her less self-possessed than usual. In combating an inclination to laugh during Aunt Libby's delivery of the speech that she could have wished her niece to make to the Miss Burgoynes, Theo went to the other extreme, and began to cry.

"I'm very tired, and I haven't been well for weeks, Aunt Libby; that's all—indeed that's all." (She strove to explain things as agreeably as possible.) "I don't mind a word that you have said. Really not a word. I dare say," she continued, trying to clear up, "that I shall be all right when I have had some dinner."

"You require a little camphor on sugar, more than dinner, I'm thinking, child," Mrs. Vaughan replied meditatively, as she turned into the vicarage garden, "or a little red lavender would be better still, perhaps. We shall have dinner at five o'clock; I wouldn't advise your having anything before it; not that I grudge it, of course, but I should like to spare you indigestion the first day you're here."

"Five o'clock will be quite soon enough, Aunt Libby. Shall I see Mr. Vaughan before dinner?"

"My dear—I must tell you, excuse me, since you don't seem to know—it's not the custom for young persons to tell their entertainers that the dinner-hour is 'quite soon enough,' or anything else. You don't know, so I will tell you, and you mustn't be hurt, for I tell you for your own good. As to when you'll see Mr. Vaughan, I can't say; it's prettier for young people to hold themselves in readiness to wait upon their elders and superiors, than to try to make off-handed appointments with them."

## CHAPTER XX.

### MRS. VAUGHAN ON ETIQUETTE.

The plump pony was pulled up at the door of the vicarage as Mrs. Vaughan brought her homily to a close. Theo tried to step out of the little carriage and into the house with the light, unembarrassed air which is popularly supposed to indicate a bright, unembarrassed heart and spirit. But she was weary in body as well as in mind, therefore she failed in conveying to beholders the desired impression.

The brief lecture to which Mrs. Vaughan had treated her had been depressing in its influence. Youth is ever apt to regard with jealous eyes any proposed amendment of its manners at the hands of one whose own manners do not strike youth as being of a particularly high order. Theo had already discovered a lack of all self-possession and calm about Mrs. Vaughan. She distrusted the instructive capabilities of that breeding which broke down on so small an emergency as that of this morning.

She was ushered up stairs to her own room by a bland middle-aged woman with a soft, mellow voice and a soothing manner. The sort of voice and manner, in fact, that must be invaluable in attendants on lunatics, but that is rather aggravating when brought to bear upon the sane.

"Now, missy dear, whenever you feel to want anything, ask me for it, and don't go troubling our missus," she said, when she had drawn up the blind and relieved Theo of her bonnet.

"Whenever I want anything I will ask for it, thank you," Theo replied, in the bravery of ignorance. "Would you be good enough to open the window a little?"

"To be sure, missy; young people like a little fresh air, as I said to missus when I was getting the room ready this morning. My name is Ann, miss, and I have lived here, girl and woman, nigh upon twenty years. Girl and woman!"

Ann's voice was very mellow when she said this, and her manner was very soothing; but Theo felt tired and sick at heart; she could not cultivate the qualities Ann was palpably ready to develope just now.

"Oh! indeed! Twenty years! That's a long time—a very long time," she added, with sudden emphasis, as she remembered that just so many years had she herself lived in the world.

"Yes, missy, for twenty years, and much I have seen in that time of missus's little ways, as we may call them; she's very kind at heart, but she don't seem so always, and when she don't seem so in some little matters that I can alter, you just tell me, and I will alter them."

The woman went out of the room when she had said that, and Theo thought, "Aunt Libby can neither beat me nor starve me, and in any other case Ann's aid will be unavailing, I should imagine. Then she dressed herself for the five o'clock dinner in a plain high silk, and wandered forth in search of the drawing-room.

She found it down on the left-hand side of the hall door; a pretty room, with a French window at the end, which opened on to a garden, which imperceptibly merged into the churchyard. "I should like it better if the graves were not so visible," she thought, as she walked to the window and looked out; "but I shall get used to the ghoulish view in time, I suppose; I have got used to worse things than that." Her thoughts always went back to her trouble; she compared every possible grief or annoyance with the mighty one that overshadowed this portion of her life. It really was terribly depressing to find herself fixed for a time in a place and amongst people that promised to be so utterly unsympathetic. But the other day such a different, such a brilliant prospect had loomed before her! But the "other day!"

Soon her uncle—the Reverend Thomas himself—came into the room, and made her welcome with a certain austerity of manner that was strangely at variance with his rotund little person and rosy little face. Theo before she had well had time to realize that the austerity was a mere futile effort after dignity, Mrs. Vaughan joined them, and speedily again Theo wished herself back at Bretford.

"My dear," Mrs. Vaughan began, "I think it only right to tell you that it is not the custom for young people to run at large over a house directly they arrive at it. You don't know any better, therefore I must tell you. You should have waited in your bed-room till I could send Ann to tell you that dinner was ready."

Theo blushed scarlet. Few girls of twenty are strong-minded enough to retain possession of their faculties when accused of a breach of etiquette. For a few moments she almost believed she had grossly blundered, and though unprepared to go to the extreme length of declaring "a blunder to be worse than a crime," the dread that she had committed the former was overwhelming. At the end of a few moments reason resumed its sway, and Miss Leigh felt that it was her aunt who had blundered, and not herself.

"I am very sorry, Aunt Libby, that I should have transgressed your rules so soon."

"They are not my rules, my dear; they're the rules of society. I should be sorry for you to betray any ignorance of the sort if Miss Burgoyne should be kind enough, after what has happened, to invite you to Maddington."

"I will try not to behave like a savage, aunt," Theo replied with a small laugh.

Then Mr. Vaughan had an access of curiosity, and inquired "what had happened?" And Theo had the satisfaction of listening to a slightly distorted version of the affair before a melancholy man in drab came to tell them that dinner was served.

Mr. Vaughan reserved judgment until he was safely ensconced in his proper place at the dinner-table. He then gave it forth, tremulously, it must be owned, but it was given nevertheless.

"If his lordship and the Honorable Miss Burgoynes can overlook your niece's little—little error, my dear, I think we—you, I mean—may do so also. Pray allow me to send you some soup."

The offer of soup was made to Theo, whose little error had not at all impaired her appetite. She was young, and hungry, and the soup gave forth savory odors, and looked of a peculiarly appetizing clear brown as it streamed from the ladle. But before she could reply to the offer of it Mrs. Vaughan intervened.

"After such a long journey and no luncheon, Theo ought to begin upon something substantial. That soup would be sure to give her indigestion. No, my dear, I won't have you take any. It's my duty to see that you don't ruin your constitution while you're staying here. You shall have some nice plain beef—roast-beef, not too much done, and nothing else—not a thing else. I should say, by your looks, that you're let eat anything unwholesome you please at home."

"Well, Aunt Libby, certainly I am not dieted," Theo replied.

"No, I believe it. Your poor dear mother was a very weak girl, so I never expected to hear that she had turned into a strong-minded woman."

"My mother's mind and heart are strong enough to have won me to love her too well to sit and listen to a word in disparagement of her," Theo said, coloring brightly.

"My dear, such a display of temper is very ill-bred," Mrs. Vaughan replied gravely; "or perhaps you're a little nervous and upset after your journey. Well, you shall have a glass of wine, or half a glass of wine—the merest drop, Mr. Vaughan? Do you hear?—the merest drop."

So Theo had the merest drop, with some very under-done beef and a scanty supply of vegetables, "they being bad for her complexion," Aunt Libby affirmed. Mrs. Vaughan then proceeded to remark that she couldn't imagine where Theo had got her complexion. "It's worse than any member of my family ever had before, my dear. Not that it's your fault—I don't say that it is—but it's a great misfortune for you, a very great misfortune indeed; but no wonder if, at your age, you're accustomed to eat when and how and what you like. Mr. Vaughan can tell you that when I married him I was like a rose, a blush rose."

"Precisely like a blush rose," Mr. Vaughan struck in promptly.

"Well, Aunt Libby, I feel properly penitent about my complexion, but it's an evil of long standing, you see. I have been brown all my life. May I have a glass of ale, please? I don't care for wine. You're not shocked, I hope?"

"Not shocked, but disgusted," Mrs. Vaughan replied. "No, Theo; ale is not a beverage" (Mrs. Vaughan called it "beveridge" in her emotion) "for young ladies. No!—*no* pudding for Miss Leigh, Thomas; bring it to me. I am sure," she continued, in a semi-apologetic tone to Theo, "that you wouldn't go eating any nasty sweets after your long fast, my dear."

"No nasty sweets, but that appears to be a very nice sweet, Aunt Libby."

"Too rich—far too rich—"

"For the stomach of youth," Mr. Vaughan put in blithely. Then on his wife looking round to give some directions to Thomas, Mr. Vaughan nodded and winked at Theo, and made signs expressive of "something," but what she could not imagine. On Mrs. Vaughan's facing the table again, he lapsed into rosy absorption in his own pudding, leaving Theo with the impression that he was a little mad and very cunning.

When the dinner, of which Theo's share had been such a frugal one, was over, Mrs. Vaughan sent Thomas to look the drawing-room door, and told Theo that she might amuse herself with a book of engravings which she would find in the sideboard drawer.

"We don't sit in the drawing-room when we are alone, my dear," she explained. "It would be wearing out the furniture for nothing. Your uncle will go to his study till tea is ready, and we'll sit here."

"I don't care much for shadowy views of places, Aunt Libby. May I go and get a book from the study?" Theo asked.

The prospect was dull that Mrs. Vaughan had held out to her, of sitting there with a book of engravings before her till tea was ready.

"A book! what for, child?"

"To read."

Mrs. Vaughan had been reclining in rather an inert manner in a stout easy-chair before this; she now sprang into animation and an erect posture.

"To read! really, child, it was time for you to come here and be taught the rudiments of manners. Your poor dear father, what can he have been about to suffer you to acquire such ill-bred habits? My dear, it's not the custom for young people to take up books and read when they are staying away from home on a visit; it's considered much prettier of them to sit and talk to their hostess, if she feels inclined to talk; it looks selfish and thoughtless to take up a book and read; you will have many hours to yourself while I am otherwise engaged, then you can retire to your bed-room and read. But when I am here to be talked to, it is your place to talk to me."

"Aunt Libby has her idiosyncrasies, and no mistake," Theo thought, but she was resolved to bear them amiably as long as might be.

"I will just go and get some work, Aunt Libby, and then I shall be able to talk as long and as much as you like."

"Work! like a milliner girl running away for your work directly after dinner," Mrs. Vaughan replied testily, resettling herself in her chair. "I do hope you will learn to be calm before you leave me, Theo, for this restless desire to be doing something betrays that you are accustomed to very inferior society, very inferior indeed. I don't know what the Miss Burgoynes will think of you."

Shortly after this Mrs. Vaughan went to sleep, and Theo sat in the dimly-lighted room with the volume of shadowy engravings before her in a state of semi-despair. "This evening can't last for ever," she kept on thinking, "and to-morrow must be better. I am beginning to hate those eternal Burgoynes."

The late autumn, or rather the early winter, wind went whistling shrilly round the house, and not a sound within the walls interrupted the sorrowful tale the wind told to Theo of coldness, blankness, and nothing better, to come. She sat near the window looking out into the garden and graveyard beyond, wondering whether anything bright had ever been seen from that window, whether any one bright had ever looked forth from it, whether it was always chilly, nipping, early winter socially at Hensley; whether it was imagination which showed her two figures coming along through the tombs towards the house, or whether her vision was to be relied upon.

They came on out of range of her sight, and presently a sharp decided ring at the hall bell proved to her that they had been realities, and that a break was about to occur in this monotony, which was becoming unbearable. Then, before she had quite collected her wandering tired faculties, they came in; and "they" were Miss Ethel Burgoyne and the blond-haired, bright visaged, blue-eyed young cavalier whose portrait had arrested her in the morning.

Had the portrait come out of its frame and changed its garb for the express purpose of mystifying her? or was he a real being, only like unto the pictured one, whose mouldering into dust before her advent she had so poignantly regretted? The dullness of mind and the dimness of light which had been her portion for the last two hours caused her thus to question for a few moments. At the end of them she realized that he was no galvanized Vandyck, but a young English gentleman of the present day, the modern school, and very pleasant to behold.

"Frank has come—" Miss Ethel Burgoyne began.

"To lighten your darkness, my dear Mrs. Vaughan; you're the first person I always look up when I come to Maddington," he interrupted, passing along chastly from the side of the lady he had been escorting to that of the partially awakened and totally bewildered Mrs. Vaughan.

"You always were a most attentive, dear boy," the old lady replied, heartily, grasping both the hands he extended to her, in amiable obliviousness of its being the first time he ever had displayed the engaging promptitude he professed. "What a pleasure to see you; that's my niece, quite a child she is, oh, *quite* a child; tell you about her directly," she continued, nodding at him, and blinking at Theo, who disregarded the blinks in consequence of the rapt regard the young, fair, bright, bold beauty of this man won from her.

He had half turned round to look at Theo when her aunt offered him the hazy introduction, and as he stood, one hand still held by Mrs. Vaughan, the other planted on his hip, he made a finer picture than the one that had held Theo's gaze in the morning. He was rather a tall man, and so he had bent his head slightly when he had turned to look on Theo's face—bent his head to an altitude that made his glance at her a level one, that caused it to appear far, far more earnest than if he had simply turned and looked as any other man would have done, she thought.

"Frank is my nephew, Miss Leigh; don't you think we're like?" Ethel Burgoyne asked aloud of Theo; and when the young aunt asked this, the younger nephew threw his head up and laughed, and looked strikingly like her at once.

"He is now, he was not a minute ago," Theo replied.

"The seriousness of a minute ago was an unprecedented thing; it's Frank's normal condition to be volatile, as you will find when you know him better."

"When I know him better," Theo repeated, vaguely.

"Yes, as you will, of course; you're half asleep, poor child, after your journey; come out in the garden for a turn or two; I know every bit of rock-work and every flower-bed, so you need not fear that we'll be detrimental to your plants, Mrs. Vaughan, in the darkness. Come, Miss Leigh, we will leave Frank with his old friend, and I will take you for a freshening walk, and instruct you as to the importance of the personage who has had the power to bring me over from Madddington at this hour of the night."

Miss Ethel laid her hand on Theo's arm as she spoke, and Theo followed her to the door, and then cast a glance back towards the man they were leaving.

"He's not like you again now," she whispered hurriedly. He had lowered his head again, and was looking straight at her with the level earnest gaze that betokens intense interest and a determination to read all that may be read of the soul of the scanned.

"I am thinking that you two young ladies ought not to be suffered to go out in that goblin garden alone," he said, with a rapid change of expression.

"Come to us presently, then, Frank; keep him for ten minutes, Mrs. Vaughan, and then send him in search of us. He does not want to come with us in reality, his great anxiety was to come over here to you," Ethel Burgoyne replied; and then she went with Theo from the room, leaving him with Mrs. Vaughan.

How it had been done, whether his eyes had questioned it, or his lips, Theo could not tell, but she was conscious of this, that when Miss Ethel had asserted that his great anxiety had been to see Mrs. Vaughan, Mr. Frank had telegraphed to her (Theo) an inquiry as to her belief in the truth of this statement, and she, against her will, had transmitted a doubt of it back to him. There was an understanding between them from that moment, she felt—one that might be neither honorable, pleasureable, nor advantageous to her, but that was an understanding nevertheless.

"My nephew is Frank by name and by nature too," Miss Ethel Burgoyne said, when they were outside the hall-door. "Isn't it pleasant out here? chilly, but nice. Papa and Grace thought me mad when I agreed to come over from Maddington with Frank after dark; he arrived quite unexpectedly, dear boy, and insisted on coming over before he slept to see his 'old friend,' as he called her."

"Frank by nature, is he?—I mean is he an old friend? is he fond of Aunt Libby?"

"I didn't know that he was till to-night, but it seems that he is, very."

"He is your nephew, did you say?"

"Yes, my only brother's only son; my poor brother died when Frank and I were children, and we've all done our best to spoil him ever since. He is such a darling fellow!"

They had sauntered out of the garden away into the graveyard, and now, when she said this, they ceased their sauntering and sat down on a flat tomb-stone, and the early winter wind went by them shrilly.

"How much he is like that portrait that hangs on the left of the white horse," Theo observed in a low tone; then she sank her voice to a still fainter whisper and went on, "do you know when you came into the room to-night I thought he was something unnatural, I did indeed; don't mind my saying so; I felt that I had seen him before and yet hadn't seen him before, and known him without having known him."

"It was seeing the portrait," Ethel Burgoyne answered aloud and cheerily. "We don't like papa keeping it in that room at all, because it's useless to deny that it is unhappily like Frank."

"Why unhappily like him?"

"Because he was such a bad fellow, so utterly unlike Frank in character, as unlike him morally in fact as he is like him personally. He was called 'the bad Burgoyne,' and he was hung in the darkest end of the gallery till Frank grew up like him, then papa had him brought down in order that Frank might not have a chance of forgetting that his great personal attractions couldn't save him from being utterly despicable."

"Does Frank need such a reminder?"

"Well, papa thinks that he does, which amounts to nearly the same thing. Papa distrusts him partly on account of the resemblance to that Hugo Burgoyne, and partly because he never liked Frank's mother. Papa has made what we think the mistake of always trying to keep Frank straight by threats, for though the title must be Frank's eventually and a good portion of the property, still the major portion of it is not entailed, and if Frank offended papa he would leave it to his immaculate pet, Harold Ffrench, on conditions."

So she heard his name again!—heard his name and a doubt cast upon his being "immaculate," as she would have had her lover supposed at one and the same time.

Theo did not answer when her new acquaintance brought her speech to a close. The girl could not have spoken without betraying more anxiety than might be compatible with those "conditions," which must be fulfilled in order to ensure Harold's succession to that which Frank Burgoyne might possibly forfeit. She could not have spoken with the coolness that might be essential to the well-being of the career of the man who had wronged her. Wronged her unintentionally and to his own lasting sorrow, she firmly believed, but wronged her nevertheless. Therefore, though she longed to question and to hear, she held her peace, and trusted that the friendly darkness concealed her emotion from Ethel Burgoyne.

"We—Grace and I—are always in a state of anxiety while Frank is here, dearly fond of him as we are," Ethel went on after a short pause. "I ought not to mention such things to a stranger, I suppose, and yet after all I don't know why I shouldn't, for they are unimportant."

"What are unimportant?—your anxieties?" Theo asked.

"Yes; our anxieties and their causes are unimportant in reality; we have no reason to fear that Frank will ever go wrong with papa; still, such a little thing would put him wrong that we do fear it. I always hate Harold Ffrench when I think of it."

"Who speaks of the bogie of my boyhood?" a voice from behind cried brightly, and the next instant Frank himself, the subject of their conversation, stood by Theo's side, and made as though he would have seated himself there had Theo given a movement of encouragement.

"I was speaking of Harold Ffrench," Ethel replied, rather sharply. She was annoyed with her pet for having stolen up to them thus quietly, while she was on the subject of his grievances.

"What were you saying about him, Ethel? do you know anything of him, Miss Leigh?"

He seated himself by her side as he asked it, seated himself there, though never a bit of the encouragement for the lack of which he had at first hesitated was given him; his eyes questioning her, she could see this by the moonlight, even more closely than they had done in the room.

"Yes, and you know I do," she answered suddenly; she felt convinced of this, and she could not resist giving voice to the conviction, injudicious as she felt herself to be.

"Oh! I didn't know that he was a friend of yours," Ethel said, rising as she spoke, "or perhaps I would have held my tongue about him; and yet I don't know either that I should have been so discreet. Come, let us stroll on, I'm cold."

Ethel's speech had saved Frank the necessity of replying to Theo's assertion of his knowledge of her knowing Harold Ffrench. He waited, listening attentively to what Ethel was saying until she had concluded, then he glided into the conversation again.

"Has Ethel been telling you that he, your friend Mr. Ffrench, has been used 'to keep the beast in awe,' I being the beast in question?"

"I have been telling Miss Leigh that Harold Ffrench is a great pet of papa's, who absurdly enough believes him to be immaculate," Ethel rejoined hurriedly. She had no desire for Frank to become acquainted with the full extent of the confidence she had placed in Theo; "darling fellow" as Frank was in her estimation, she knew that he was apt to cloud over at the free mention of family matters when he had not the sole mentioning of them.

"Oh, indeed; was that all?" he said. He was far too well-bred to probe an unpleasant subject when he had nothing to gain by it, and in this case, nothing could be gained, save the pleasure of putting his usually self-possessed Aunt Ethel to confusion. He reflected that "Ethel always stood by him, and most likely always would do so," therefore he spared her.

"Oh! indeed, was that all? Well, Miss Leigh, you know more of him than we do probably; is he all that my respected grandpapa believes him to be? or can we prove him a defaulter in honor, and so leave Lord Lesborough nothing to love and lean upon, and leave his all to but my worthy self?"

"No one could prove him a defaulter in honor, however intimately he was known," Theo said quickly. But though she spoke promptly and firmly in her defence of the loved and lost, she felt that she was wincing under the interrogatory gaze of the man who had forced her to speak.

"If you say that, Miss Leigh, I shall feel bound to believe in him for the future; ladies generally have good grounds for what they say about such a handsome man as Harold Ffrench," Ethel said, with a laugh.

"I daresay Miss Leigh has good grounds, Ethel; you must not imagine every one as frivolous and easily blinded by appearances as you are yourself," Frank replied, with a mock gravity that was amusing to Ethel and irritating to Theo. "I have not the slightest doubt that Miss Leigh speaks with understanding."

He looked very tenderly down at Theo as he said it, and there was a most sympathetic inflection in his voice. But then Theo remembered that men are tender and sympathetic occasionally without sufficient cause; and so she strove to stifle the conviction that he knew her story. "He *can't* know about Harold and me," she kept on saying to herself; "who could know it, excepting a few people at Bretford? it is only his way to say things as if he meant something more than is said."

"I speak with the usual amount of understanding, I suppose," she said, trying to speak carelessly. "Mr. Ffrench would always have my suffrages, because he looks as if he deserved them. I believe in the jewel having a fair

casket; I should have lost Portia, and chosen the wrong box, I am persuaded, if I had been Bassanio."

"So should I, I think," he replied, laughing; "but I should have chosen the gold hoping to avoid her. I should have felt convinced that such a strong-minded woman as Portia would eschew baubles, and encase her counterfeit in lead; and as I have no fancy for being special-pleaded out of my mind, I should have avoided her."

"And lost the fortune? No, I don't think you would have done that, Mr. Burgoyne," Theo said, as they paused at the hall-door. "Won't you come in again? do."

"You don't give me credit for magnanimously throwing away a chance; well, Miss Leigh, I am not guilty of such weakness often, I assure you. No, Ethel, we won't go in to-night—it's too late; I will come and make my apologies to Mrs. Vaughan for not saying adieu to-morrow morning."

Then he took Theo's hand and pressed it gently, and told her that he looked forward to meeting her on the morrow, as perhaps they "might find out that they had some more mutual friends."

When Ethel Burgoyne and her handsome young nephew turned and departed, Theo went in slowly and unwillingly, for she wanted to think about many things, and thought and Mrs. Vaughan's presence were not wont to agree. She found her aunt sitting erect, brightly expectant, and wide awake, and her uncle looking really resigned to the animated state of affairs at this late hour, just opposite to her.

"Why! where are they?" Mrs. Vaughan asked hurriedly.

"Gone home: they thought it too late to come in," Theo replied; then she thought of a sop for Cerberus, and added, "but Mr. Burgoyne is coming to see you to-morrow morning, Aunt Libby."

"Now look here," Mrs. Vaughan said solemnly. "I have had the candles lighted in the silver candlesticks instead of burning the lamp for your sake, Theo, for your sake, my child—it's such a much more becoming light. We'll put them out now, and go to bed, so that you may have some beauty-sleep, and get up looking fresh in the morning. Control your inclination to be pert, and keep very quiet, dashing men like Mr. Burgoyne like that, and who knows what may happen. Lord Lesborough doesn't want his grandson and heir to marry money. Good-night, my dear."

"Good-night, aunt," Theo replied, just touching her own cheek against the one Mrs. Vaughan presented to her for a kiss. Then she went swiftly up-stairs to her own room, angrily repeating "dashing men," "who knows what may happen," "What horrible phrases! to use them to *me* too, to *me!*"

"Frank, dear," Ethel Burgoyne said fondly to her nephew, as they walked briskly along through the park, "I wish you would make up your mind to marry, we should be so much happier about you, and papa would be so much better satisfied about you?"

"I don't think he wants to be well satisfied about me, Ethel."

"Ah! you wrong him there, you do indeed. I am on your side, you know; still now you are unjust to papa."

"Besides, I haven't seen the woman yet who can take and hold me, Ethel: I find them out too soon, and then they become uninteresting."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ A lamp has been invented, in London, that requires no chimney nor winding up, and the wick does not need renewing or cutting more than once in three months.

### THE MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL—The market for Flour is firmer and more active. The week's sales reach about 16,000 bbls. at $10,75@11,50 for extra and extra family; $9@10 for superfine; $10,25@10,75 for extras; $11@12 for extra family, and $12,25@13 ₩ bbl for fancy brands, as in quality. Rye Flour—Sales at $8,75 ₩ bbl. Buckwheat Meal—Sales at $5,37½@5,50 the 100 lbs.

GRAIN comes in slowly, and Wheat is scarce and firm at former rates. Sales some 18,000 bushels at $2,50@2,55 for good and choice Pennsylvania and Western reds, and $2,60@2,80 for fair to prime Pennsylvania and Kentucky white. Rye is selling at $1,70@1,72. Corn—Sales 25,000 bush, mostly yellow, at $1,65@1,66. Oats—Some 15,000 bushels found buyers at 92@93c.

PROVISIONS—The market is dull and unsettled, with a small business only to note in barrelled meats, at $38@39 for Mess Pork; 22@27 for country and city Mess Beef, and $28 ₩ bbl for Beef Hams. Dressed Hogs are quoted at $15½@16 the 100 lbs. Bacon is in limited supply, and selling at 20@25c for plain and fancy Hams, and 20@21c for Shoulders. Green Meats—about 1000 pkgs have been disposed of at 20@21c for pickled Hams, and 18@19c for Shoulders in salt and pickle. Lard—Sales reach 1200 tcs at 21@21c, mostly at 21½c, cash and time. Kegs are scarce, and quoted at 26½@27c. Butter is dull at 40@45c for roll, and 35 to 38c for packed, the latter for fine Goshen. Cheese is selling at 20@23c ₩ lb. Eggs bring 40@42c.

COTTON continues dull; sales 350 bales at 70@ 80c for middlings.

BARK—Sales 1st No 1 Quercitron at $40.

BEESWAX—Good yellow is held at 68@70c.

COAL.—There is a good inquiry for the supply of the New York and Eastern markets. For home use there is about the usual business doing, without much change in quotations.

COFFEE—The demand is limited; sales Rio at 18½@21½c, in gold, and some Laguayra at 43@44c, currency.

COPPER—About the usual business to note in Yellow Metal at 30c for Sheets and Bolts.

FEATHERS—Good Western sell at 75@78c ₩ lb.

FRUIT—The demand is limited. Dried Apples range at 13@14c; unpared Peaches at 23@26c, and pared do at 36@40c ₩ lb. Green Apples and Cranberries continue scarce and high.

HAY—Baled is worth $30@32 ₩ ton.

HOPS—Sales at 45@55c for new Eastern and Western.

IRON—Very little doing in the way of sales. Only a few small sales of Anthracite Pig Metal are reported from $45 to $53 for forge and foundry, mostly cash; 600 tons No 1 also sold at $52.

MOLASSES is unsettled and dull, and the sales limited at 73c for clayed Cuba, 76c for a lot of tart Porto Rico and $1,25 for new crop New Orleans; a sale of Syrup was also made at 78c.

OILS—Petroleum continues dull and neglected. Crude is nominally held at 45@49c and refined in bond at 65@70c. Free oil is selling at 92@95c.

PLASTER—Soft is quote at $5@5,50 ₩ ton.

SEEDS—There is not much Cloverseed offering, some 15,000 bushels have been disposed of at $14,50@ 15,25 ₩ bushel, mostly at about $15 for prime. Timothy—Small sales at $5,50@6 ₩ bushel. Flaxseed is selling at $3,70@3,75 ₩ bush.

SPIRITS—N. E. Rum is dull at $2,60. Whiskey is unsettled and lower, with sales of bbls at $2,25@ 2,30, the latter for Pennsylvania, and drudge at $2,31@2,28.

SUGARS are dull and unsettled. About 300 hhds, mostly Cuba, sold at 18½@20½c.

TALLOW—Sales of western and city are reported at 16@17c.

WOOL—There is very little doing. Few small sales at 95c@$1,05, mostly at about $1 ₩ lb for fleece.

### PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1800 head. The prices realized from $12 to 18,00 ₩ 100 lbs. 2000 Hogs at from $13,00 to 13,50 ₩ 100 lbs. Sheep—3000 head were disposed of at from 10 to 12½c ₩ lb. 70 Cows brought from $40 to 60 ₩ head.

A CURIOUS TRADITIONARY USAGE.—The London Orchestra says:—"Few people in England know that at the season of the Epiphany her gracious Majesty carries, by deputy, offerings to the altar in memory of the gold, the frankincense and the myrrh which the kings of the East brought to the stable at Bethlehem more than eighteen centuries ago. This curious traditionary usage survives to us from the reign of the Stuarts, and is still annually performed at the Chapel Royal, St. James's. The ceremony took place at noon recently, when two gentlemen of the household laid the casket containing the Queen's offering on the altar."

☞ The rose which the Pope is about to send to the Empress Charlotte, of Mexico, is pure white, being composed of pearls and diamonds.

GENTLEMEN'S HATS.—New styles just received at CHARLES OAKFORD & SONS, Continental Hotel.

FITS! FITS! FITS!

Persons laboring under this distressing malady will find HANCE'S Epileptic Pills to be the only remedy ever discovered for

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COE'S TOXIC ELIXIR is a sure remedy for dyspepsia, debility and nausea, or sickness at the stomach, and it is particularly beneficial to females in a weak state from over-nursing and care of children. It is delightful to the taste, can be taken at all times without injury, and should be in every family. Principal Depot, SAMUEL C. HART, No. 94 South Second street, below Market. For sale by Druggists generally.

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Closing out balance of our stock at Cost.
CHARLES OAKFORD & SONS,
Continental Hotel, Philadelphia.
feb11-4t

## MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 12th instant, by the Rev. Jos. H. Kennard, Mr. JOSEPH CANBY to Miss ANNIE NORMAN, both of this city.

On the 13th instant, by the same, Mr. JACOB BAKER, of Salem, N. J., to ANNA ELIZABETH LOYD, of this city.

On the 14th instant, by the Rev. E. H. Pattison, Mr. CHARLES H. STACKHOUSE, of Philada., to Miss REBECCA J. LONG, of Middletown, Pa.

On the 15th instant, by the Rev. John Thompson, Mr. THOMAS B. YOUNG to Miss ELIZA GIVEN, both of this city.

On the 9th instant, by the Rev. Samuel Thomas, LEWIS R. LYONS to Miss ELIZA J. ROBERTSON, both of this city.

On the 4th instant, by the Rev. J. F. Chaplain, Mr. DAVID W. SMACK to Miss MARY DEAL, both of this city.

On the 9th instant, by the Rev. S. W. Thomas, CASPER S. BUTCHER to Miss LIZZIE M., daughter of Alex. C. McCurdy, Esq., both of this city.

On the 7th instant, by the Rev. Daniel Weiser, W. G HILLEGAS to CLARA A. MENDENHALL, both of this city.

## DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the morning of the 17th inst., MARY STEWART, wife of Isaac Baker, in her 53d year.

On the 13th instant, JOHN MCCABE, in his 76th year.

On the 14th instant, JOHN GLADING, in his 47th year.

On the 14th instant, CATHARINE A. BUTCHER, aged 64 years.

On the 13th instant, JOHN W. STEVENS, in his 60th year.

On the 13th instant, JOSEPH WILLIAMS, in his 40th year.

On the 12th instant, CHARLES DRAKE, private Co. B, 114th Pa. V., aged 33 years.

On the 11th instant, Capt. WILLIAM D. RICHARDSON, in his 48th year.

On the 11th instant, SAMUEL D. BRANSON, in his 55th year.

On the 10th instant, Mr. PHILIP HAINES, in his 69th year.

On the 9th instant, NATHANIEL CHAUNCEY, in his 76th year.

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SOMETHING NEW.—Ladies and gentlemen wanted to learn the "ART" of "SECRET CORRESPONDENCE." A new method has recently been devised (and copyrighted) whereby the same letter may be written as many different ways as there are words in the English language, and still read the same. Those wishing to act as agents, and teach the "ART" can make from $25 to $30 per week. Charts, with full instructions, sent to any address on receipt of $1. Address WILSON & CO.,
feb25-2t P. O., Box 2821, Philadelphia, Pa.

"TO DEALERS IN TOBACCO AND SEGARS."

Those wishing to purchase Tobacco and Segars, Pipes, &c., are requested to send for our Wholesale Price List, as we manufacture Segars and Tobacco. By buying of us you can obtain the best qualities at first prices. M. B. DEAN, Tobacconist,
feb18-3m 413 Chestnut St. Philadelphia.

Rates of Advertising.
Thirty cents a line for each insertion.
☞ Payment is required in advance.

# U.S. 7-30 Loan.

By authority of the Secretary of the Treasury, the undersigned has assumed the General Subscription Agency for the sale of the United States Treasury Notes, bearing seven and three-tenths per cent. interest, per annum, known as the

SEVEN-THIRTY LOAN.

These Notes are issued under date of August 15, 1864, and are payable three years from that time, in currency, or are convertible at the option of the holder into

U. S. 6-20 SIX PER CENT.
GOLD BEARING BONDS.

These bonds are now worth a premium of nine per cent., including gold interest from November, which makes the actual profit on the 7-30 loan, at current rates, including interest, about ten per cent. per annum, besides its *exemption from State and municipal taxation, which adds from one to three per cent., more*, according to the rate levied on other property. The interest is payable semi-annually by coupons attached to each note, which may be cut off and sold to any bank or banker.

The interest amounts to
One cent per day on a $50 note.
Two cents per day on a $100 note.
Ten cents per day on a $500 note.
Twenty cents per day on a $1000 note.
One Dollar per day on a $5000 note.

Notes of all the denominations named will be promptly furnished upon receipt of subscriptions. This is

THE ONLY LOAN IN MARKET

Now offered by the Government, and it is confidently expected that its superior advantages will make it the

GREAT POPULAR LOAN OF THE PEOPLE.

Less than $200,000,000 remain unsold, which will probably be disposed of within the next sixty or ninety days, when the notes will undoubtedly command a premium, as has uniformly been the case on closing the subscriptions to other Loans.

In order that citizens of every town and section of the country may be afforded facilities for taking the Loan, the National Banks, State Banks and Private Bankers throughout the country have generally agreed to receive subscriptions at par. Subscribers will select their own agents, in whom they have confidence, and who only are to be responsible for the delivery of the notes for which they receive orders.

JAY COOKE,
SUBSCRIPTION AGENT,
No. 114 SOUTH THIRD STREET,
feb18-4t PHILADELPHIA.

WHEELER & WILSON'S
HIGHEST PREMIUM
LOCK STITCH
SEWING MACHINES,
No. 625 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

These Machines are now sold, with *valuable improvements*, at the following schedule of prices:—

No. 3 Machine, with
Plain Table, $55
Half Case, Panelled, Oiled Walnut, 62
Half Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany, 65

No. 2 Machine, with
Waxed Black Walnut Table, $65
Half Case, Panelled, Oiled Walnut, 72
Half Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany, 75
Half Case, Polished, Rosewood, 80
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany, 95
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany, with Drawers, 100
Full Case, Polished, Rosewood, 100

No. 1 Machine, with
Polished Table, $75
Half Case, Oiled Walnut, 82
Half Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany, 85
Half Case, Polished, Rosewood, 90
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany, 105
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany, with Drawers, 110
Full Case, Polished, Rosewood, 110

Every Machine is sold complete with a Hemmer. Nos. 1 and 2 Machines are sold with the new Glass Cloth-Presser, New-style Hemmer and Braider. No. 3 with the Old-style Hemmer.

☞ The number 3, plain table, (worth $55) of the above list, is the machine we are now offering as a PREMIUM for THE LADY'S FRIEND and THE SATURDAY EVENING POST—*see Prospectus*. Any of the higher priced machines may be procured by sending us the difference in Cash.

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DO YOU WANT LUXURIANT WHISKERS OR MUSTACHES?—My ONGUENT will cause them to grow heavily in six weeks, (upon the smoothest face,) without stain or injury to the skin. Price $1—sent by mail, post free, to any address, on receipt of an order. R. G. GRAHAM,
feb27-tf 109 Nassau street, New York City.

ORA, THE LOST WIFE.

This powerful novel, by Mrs. BELLA Z. SPENCER, is now for sale by booksellers generally. We call attention to the following notices:

*From the New York Evening Post.*

"The author, who, as it appears by the dedication, is a lady, possesses one of the qualities necessary to the success of a novelist, in a high degree; that is to say, the power of interesting the reader and inspiring him with an increasing curiosity to learn the issue of the series of embarrassments with which she surrounds the heroine of her story. On the plot of this single narration, she has lavished enough of incident to serve a writer of ordinary frugality for three or four novels, such as form the staple of circulating libraries. The reader has hardly time to criticise the probability of one interesting situation, before he is hurried on to another. Along with this facility of invention, there is great pathos. In the tenderer scenes. The heroine, the Lost Wife, is a beautiful, accomplished and heroic young woman, with many admirable traits of character, but betrayed by her pride into errors which are the source of great misfortunes. Her character is drawn with much skill and power. Perhaps it is a defect in the work, that she is made so little conscious of her own errors, but it is a work of much talent and no little promise."

*From Godey's Lady's Book.*

ORA, THE LOST WIFE.—This is a very extraordinary novel for its power and its pathos. There are some scenes in it that we think cannot be excelled. The character of the heroine is well drawn, and apparently from life. The scene of the death of little Ada is perfectly beautiful, and the characters stand out in the book like living personages. We cannot call it a sensation novel, although it is as full of incidents as any of the works of Miss Braddon or Mrs. Wood—quite as interesting, but far more natural. Altogether it is one of the most readable and interesting novels that has been presented to the public for years. The authoress of "Ora" has made her mark; let her follow it up, and we will hear of her as one of the most popular novel writers of our country.

*From the Quincy (Ill.) Herald.*

ORA, OR THE LOST WIFE.—This novel comes highly spoken of by various newspaper authorities. The Saturday Evening Post announces it a book of "more than the average degree of ability." It looks forward to the future career of the authoress, as "one of much brightness, and honor well deserved." The Cincinnati Commercial says its "characters are admirably drawn, the plot well conceived, chaining the reader to the narrative with breathless interest to the close. In no part or portion does the story lose its wonderful power, but carries us on to the closing line, when it leaves us wishing for a continuation." The N. Y. Reformer asserts that the writer "displays an accurate knowledge of the motives, passions, loves and resentments that control human action, rarely witnessed in modern novels of this kind. The book is beautifully and artistically written, &c." Arthur's Home Magazine speaks of the "surpassing powers" of the fair authoress. What higher praise could a young author ask than is contained in the above quotations? It is doubtful if the "Great Unknown" received more unreserved commendation and laudation, when he astonished the English world with "Waverly" and its successors. The best novelists of the day, and certainly no previous time has produced better, are not more highly spoken of than the authoress of "Ora, or the Lost Wife."

The author of this popular story is BELLA Z. SPENCER, who is well known to many of our citizens. A second edition is now being published by Messrs. Lippincott & Co., *Philada.* Price $1.50.
jan14-tf

A WATCH FREE,

And $15 to $20 per day, made easy, selling our *Latest Novelty*, now creating such an *Immense Sensation* and extraordinary demand throughout the *Army* and Country. The *Great, New*, and *Wonderful* PRIZE POCKET-FOLIOS. Extra Large. Size 7 by 12. *Just Out.* Each of which contains *Several Dollars' Worth* of useful and *Valuable Goods*, PRIZES, &c. Price only 25 cents. Articles that Soldiers and Families cannot *do without*. Thousands sold every day. Soldiers can clear a *Month's Pay* in one day. Agents wanted in every town, village and camp for this *Standard Article*. A splendid *Gold or Silver* WATCH presented *free* as a premium to every Agent. This is the greatest money-making and surest business of the day. Profits *very large*. Sales rapid. We *guarantee* any agent $15 per day. All goods forwarded, with premiums, *same day* the order is received. Catalogues, with wholesale prices and *Premium Inducements*, sent *free*.
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feb4-12t

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MASONIC EMBLEMS!
GOLD PENS AND CASES!
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I will send, as sample, on the receipt of $1,50, a SOLID SILVER BADGE, (pure coin,) appropriate for either Corps or Division, Cavalry, Artillery, Pontooned, Engineer, or Signal Corps Departments of the Army, with your name, regiment, and company, handsomely engraved thereon.

And for $1.50 I will send a FINE GOLD PEN, (warranted,) with SILVER EXTENSION-CASE and PENCIL.

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☞ AGENTS WANTED everywhere. Send for Wholesale Illustrated Circular. ja28 9t

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Are not only unexcelled, but they are positively unequalled by any reed instrument in the country for SWEETNESS of TONE, POWER and DURABILITY. For sale only by E. M. BRUCE,
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Also, constantly on hand, a complete assortment of the PERFECT MELODEON. PIANOS from the best manufactories in the country. Also, SHEET MUSIC. jel3-1y

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An Invention urgently needed by everybody, or samples sent free by mail for 50 cents, which retail for $5 easily, by R. L. WOLCOTT,
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A Pamphlet directing how to speedily RESTORE sight and give up spectacles, without aid of Doctor or medicine. Sent by mail free on receipt of 10 cts
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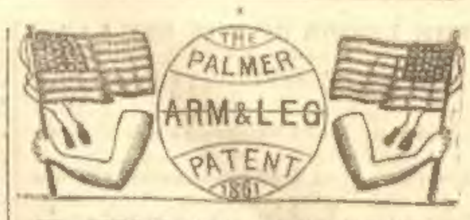


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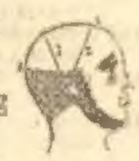

Inventor of the celebrated GOSSAMER VENTILATING WIG and ELASTIC BAND TOUPEE. Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy.

| *For Wigs, Inches.* | *Toupees and Scalps, Inches.* |
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| No. 1.—The round of the head. | No. 1.—From forehead, back as far as bald. |
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| " 3.—From ear to ear over the top. | " 3.—Over the crown of the head. |
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He has always ready for sale a splendid stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizets, Braids, Curls, &c., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

Private rooms for Dyeing Ladies' and Gentlemen's Hair. no5-cowly

WHAT HORSEMAN
WILL BE WITHOUT
Dr. Tobias' Venetian Horse Liniment?

TAUNTON, Mass., May 16th, 1860.

Dr. TOBIAS:—Dear Sir—During 35 years that I have been in the livery business, I have used and sold a great quantity of various liniments, oils, &c. Some two years since, hearing of so many wonderful cures having been made by your Venetian Liniment, I tested its merits, and it has given the best satisfaction of anything I ever used. I never sold anything that gives such universal satisfaction among horsemen. It is destined to supersede all others.

Yours, truly, &c., SAMUEL WILDE.

Price 25 and 50 cents a bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Office, 56 Cortlandt Street, New York. feb11-2teow

A UNIVERSAL MEDICINE.—By what we eat, by the air we breathe, or by the water we drink, we can be made sick; or by fatigue, or from debility induced by heat, because these effects end by producing impurity of blood. To regain health we must purify the blood, by the organs of the stomach and bowels; these organs must be continued in the regular performance of that duty which nature has assigned them, and should there be any impediment, to what does experience point?

TO BRANDRETH'S PILLS,

which cannot injure, and which will surely restore the bowels to the regular performance of their duties.

The dyspeptic, the bilious will find them a treasure of health and the same may be said to all who are sick in any way,—take Brandreth's Pills and be cured.

BRANDRETH'S PILLS are sold at the PRINCIPAL OFFICE 294 CANAL ST., and 4 UNION SQUARE, New York. ASK FOR NEW STYLE.

Obtain your first supply from one of these depots or from one of the regular advertised agents for the GENUINE BRANDRETH'S PILLS; you will then know how to discern between the true and the false.

Price 25 cents each. Sold by MRS. SHAEFFER, No. 14 North Eighth street, Philadelphia; by T. W. DYOTT & SONS, No. 232 North Second street, Philadelphia, and by all respectable dealers in medicines. feb11-2teow

NATURE'S SECRETS APPLIED
TO
CURE NATURE'S DEFECTS.

THE NATURAL MEANS by which the Animal Chemistry of the system produces *Color in the Hair* has been discovered in

CRISTADORO'S HAIR DYE.

It counterfeits the richest blacks and browns, producing an instantaneous and enduring change from any obnoxious color, without staining the skin or impairing the vitality of a single fibre.

CRISTADORO'S HAIR PRESERVATIVE,

a valuable adjunct to the Dye, in dressing and promoting the growth and perfect health of the hair, and of itself, when used alone—a safeguard that protects the fibres from decay under all circumstances and under all climes.

Manufactured by J. CRISTADORO,
No. 6 Astor House, New York.

Sold everywhere, and applied by all Hair Dressers. Price, $1, $1,50 and $3 per box, according to size.

Cristadoro's Hair Preservative

is invaluable with his Dye, as it imparts the utmost softness, the most beautiful gloss, and great vitality to the Hair.

Price, 50 cents, $1 and $2 per bottle, according to size. feb11-2teow

THE CONFESSIONS AND EXPERIENCE OF AN INVALID.—Published for the benefit, and as a CAUTION TO YOUNG MEN and others, who suffer from Nervous Debility, Premature Decay of Manhood, &c., supplying at the same time THE MEANS OF SELF-CURE. By one who has cured himself after undergoing considerable quackery. By enclosing a post-paid addressed envelope, single copies may be had of the author. NATHANIEL MAYFAIR, Esq., Brooklyn, Kings Co., N. Y. dec10-13t

## THE LESSON OF THE SKY LARK.

BY BENJAMIN F. TAYLOR.

I held in my hand a wonder—a hymn of a thousand years;
It was born in an English meadow—it was older than English cheers—
'Twas a hymn for the Roman eagles and a psalm for the Norman line—
It was sung through the wars of the Roses, when the York turned red as wine—
It was heard on Bosworth field when Gloster's flint struck fire,
And Richard's soul to Richmond's steel did glimmer and expire;
When the pæans for the thane drowned the dirges for the thing,
And he swept across the planet on fame's eternal wing
Who waged the battle as an earl but won it as a king,
And plucked the crown of England from the hawthorn where it hung,
And lightly to his longing brow Golconda's cluster swung,
The crown upon the coronet, till the light of its pearls grew thin
And pale as a morning star that has led the rosy daylight in.

Charge! and Marston Moor was a drum by galloping cavalry beat;
Halt! and each iron rank brought up with a clank, and each trooper sat still in his seat;
Hark! and down from the blue to the red was floating that exquisite strain,
As if every rider had ridden, and never drawn sabre or rein,
Right out of the hell of the battle to the door of heaven ajar,
And thought he heard before his time the singing of a star,
And thought he saw in the downy cloud the truant from the choir,
As it hung in sweet libration—an anthem in the air!

And I held in my hand that wonder—a book with a single psalm,
That would not brim the hollow of a woman's loving palm;
And the lyric was brown-breasted, and the lids of the book were wings,
And the bird was an English sky lark, and the feeblest of God's things,
That had fallen out of the azure like a mote from a mighty eye,
And had shared the fate of the sparrow, for the Father saw him die.
Oh, bravest bird of Britain!—a little ounce of death—
Oh, song born out of heaven!—a clod without a breath.

And then my soul grew reverent—my heart beat strong and grand,
As I thought of the broad commission of the atom in my hand;
That the Admiral of the fleets at anchor off the world,
Flung out His pennant with the touch that little pinion furled—
Unrolled the scrolls of thunder 'twixt the seraph and the sod,
Dashed down a word of fire in the running hand of God,
And stamped the stormy margins with His ring so broad and brave,
One half is in the welkin—the other in the wave;
By Him to meet that bird mid air, the misty morn was driven,
Lest it should break away from earth and sing itself to heaven;
He sowed the Grand Armada like grain upon the breeze,
But gave to lark and lightning the freedom of the seas!

The cattle asleep in the meadow and the shadows asleep on the hill,
And the mists, like gray Franciscans, all standing ghostly still—
And the stars are drowsily shutting their eyes as weary watchers will—
And the crescent moon in the west shows the flash of a silver shoe,
As the steed that brought over the midnight is bearing it down the blue.

And out of silence and shadow there quivered the *slenderest* song,
And a bird going up into morning exultantly followed along—
And the mountains stood down in their places and the clouds all timidly clung,
But a strand of Jehovah untwisted whereon the lost Pleiads are strung,
When this bird with its music and motion, ere the dawn had flooded its breast,
Up direct from the sod to the glory of God, triumphantly burst from the nest.
Just held to the earth by a fibre—a single invisible thread,
As if some Elijah had lingered and sent up a soul in his stead,
It has taught us the secret of dying without being utterly dead.
How the rings of horizons, like water, roll away to the edge of the earth!
How the blue shell of heaven is broken, to give to this bird a new birth!

Oh! pendulum, timing true glory—swing on with thy music, between
The dust that has drifted in graves and the houses eternal, unseen—
For of such are the kingdom heroic—brave in faith, in sword and in song,
That forever in grandest vibration, to no world and no age can belong!

☞ The wife of a photographer, in preparing some sensitized albumen paper for printing photographs, placed her hand to her forehead in a fit of abstraction, causing her face to be marked with the silver solution. A short time after she gave birth to a child, which possesses the same mark upon its forehead. This stain, however, is visible, it is stated, only by daylight. It is a somewhat improbable story, but, if true, a new era in art is opened to the public, who will be able to procure children illustrated in any desired way—either fancy plaid pattern, with scenery rural or grand, still life, game, or with portraits of eminent persons.

☞ The origin of "A Bumper" is thus given: In days long since gone by, a certain class of religionists were in the habit of drinking the Pope's health in a full glass after dinner. The expression used on these occasions was *Au bon Pere* (to the good Father)—*A bumper.*

THE LAST CAB AT THE RAILWAY STATION.

ELEGANT DISPUTE BETWEEN RIVAL CLAIMANTS.

CABMAN.—"If I wos allowed to hint, ladies, I shud say, toes up."

## WIT AND HUMOR.

### Artemus Ward's Letter About Boston.

Artemus thus writes to his "dear Betsy" concerning his late visit to the "Modern Athens."

The winder of my room commands a exhillerating view of Copp's Hill, where Cotton Mather, the father of the Reformers and sich lies berrid. There is men even now who worship Cotton, and there is women who wear him next their hearts. But I do not weep for him. He's bin dead too lengthy. I aint going to be absurd, like old Mr. Skillins, in our naborhood, who is ninety-six years of age, and gets drunk every 'lection day, and weeps Bitturly because he hain't got no Parents. He's a nice Orphan, *he* is.

Bunker's Hill is over yonder in Charleston. In 1775 a thrillin' drammy was acted out over there, in which the "Warren Combination" played star parts.

Old Mr. Faneul is ded, but his Hall is still into full blaest. This is the Cradle in which the Goddess of Liberty was rocked, my Dear. The Goddess hasn't been very well durin' the past few years, and the num'rus quack doctors she called in didn't help her any; but the old gal's physicians now are men who understand their bisness, Major-generally speakin', and I think the day is near when she'll be able to take her three meals a day, and sleeps nights as comf'tbly as in the old time.

The Common is here as usuhll; and the low cuss who called it a Wacant Lot, and wanted to know why they didn't ornament it with some Bildins', is a onhappy Outcast in Naponsit.

The State House is filled with statesmen, but some of 'm wear queer hats. They buy 'em, I take it, of hatters who carry on hat stores down stairs in Dock square, and whose hats is either ten years ahead of the prevailing stile, or ten years behind it—just as an intellectooal person sees fit to think about it. I had the pleasure of talkin' with sevril members of the legislatur. I told 'em the Eye of 1,000 ages was onto we American people of to-day. They seemed deeply impressed by the remark, and wanted to know if I had seen the Grate Orgin?

Harvard College. This celebrated institootion of learnin' is pleasantly situated in the Bar room of Parker's, in School street, and has poopils from all over the country.

I went over to Lexington yes'd'y. My Boosum hove with sollum emotions. "& this," I said to a man who was drivin' a yoke of oxen, "this is where our revolutionary forefathers asserted their independence and spilt their Blud. Classic ground."

"Wall," the man said, "it's good for white beans and potatoes, but as regards raisin' wheat, t'ain't worth a ———. But hav' you seen the Grate Orgin?"

I returned in the Hoss Cars, part way. A pooty girl in spectacles sot near me, and was tellin' a young man how much he reminded her of a man she used to know in Waltham. Pooty soon the young man got out, and smilin' in a seeductiv' manner, I said to the girl in spectacles, "Don't I remind you of somebody you used to know?"

"Yes," she said, "you do remind me of one man, but he was sent to the penitentiary for stealin' a Bar'l of mackerel—he died there, so I concloooded you ain't *him*." I didn't pursoo the conversation. I only heard her silvery voice once more durin' the remainder of the jerney. Turnin' to a respectable lookin' female of the advanced summers, she asked her if she had seen the Grate Orgin.

We old chaps, my dear, are apt to forgit that it is some time since we was infants and et lite food. Nothin' of farther int'rist took place on the cars excep a colored gentleman, a total stranger to me, asked if I'd lend him my diamond Brestpin to wear to a funeral in South Boston. I told him I wouldn't—not a *purpuss*.

Altho' fur from the prahayries, there is abundants of wild game in Boston, such as quails, snipes, plaver and Props.

I ment to have allooded to the Grate Orgin in this letter, but I haven't seen it. Mr. Reever, whose tavern I stop at, informs me that it can be distinctly heard through a smoked glass in his nativ town in New Hampshire, any clear day. But settin' the Great Orgin aside (and indeed I don't think I heard it mentioned all the time I was there,) Boston is one of the grandest, sure-footedest, clear-headedest, comfortablest cities on the globe. Unlike ev'ry other large city I was ever in, the most of the hackmen don't seem to hav bin speshully intended by natur for the Burglery perfession, and it's about the only large city I know of where you don't enjoy a brilliant opportunity of bein swindled in sum way, from the Risin of the Sun to the goin down thereof. There I say, loud and continnered applaus' for Boston!

### Use of the Arms in Walking.

The first time you are walking with your arms at liberty, stop moving them, and hold them by your side. You will be surprised to find how soon your companion will leave you behind, although you may hurry, twist, wriggle, and try very hard to keep up. One reason for the slow walk among girls is to be found in this practice of carrying the arms motionless. Three miles an hour, with the arms still, is as hard work as four miles with the arms free.

I have seen the queens of the stage walk. I have seen a few girls and women of queenly bearing walked in the street and drawing-room. They moved their arms in a free and graceful manner. Could this habit become universal among girls, their chests would enlarge, and their bearing be greatly improved. See that girl walking with both hands in her muff. How she wriggles and twists her shoulders and hips! This is because her arms are pinioned. Give them free swing, and her gait would soon become more graceful.

You have seen pictures of our muscles. Those of the upper part of the body, you remember, spread out from the shoulder, in all directions, like a fan. Now, if you hold the shoulder still, the muscles of the chest will shrink, the shoulders stoop, and the whole chest becomes thin and ugly.

But some girls will say, "Swinging the arms must be very slight exercise." True, it is very slight if you swing the arms but once or ten times, but if you swing them ten thousand times in a day you will obtain more exercise of the muscles of the chest than by all other ordinary movements combined. Indeed, if I were asked what exercise I thought most effective for developing the chests of American girls, I should reply at once, swinging the arms while walking. —*Dr. Dio Lewis.*

### Well Answered.

"I will not believe anything but what I understand," said a self-confident young man in a hotel, one day.

"Nor will I," said another.

"Neither will I," chimed in a third.

"Gentlemen," said one well known to me, who was on a journey, and who sat close by, "do I understand you correctly, that you will not believe anything that you don't understand?"

"I will not," said one, and so said each one of the trio.

"Well," said the stranger, "in my ride this morning I saw some geese in a field eating grass. Do you believe that?"

"Certainly," said the three unbelievers.

"I also saw pigs eating grass; do you believe that?"

"Of course," said the three.

"And I also saw sheep and cows eat grass; do you believe that?"

"Of course," it was again replied.

"Well, but the grass which they had formerly eaten had, by digestion, turned to feathers on the backs of the geese, to bristles on the backs of the swine, to wool on the sheep, and on the cows it had turned to hair. Do you believe that, gentlemen?"

"Certainly," they replied.

"Yes, you *believe it*," he rejoined, "but do you understand it?"

They were confounded and silent, and evidently ashamed, as they well might be.

☞ Question for a debating club—Can a woman who tells fortunes from a tea-cup be called a sau-cer-ess?

## AGRICULTURAL.

### A Cheap Home-Made Gate.

In our trips through Vermont we have seen gates that were made in a manner very similar to the following direction, which we copy from the Ohio Farmer. According to our recollection of the Vermont style the long strips are thinner and nailed on both sides of the end pieces and brace, opposite to each other, of course, and the hinge end-piece was considerable longer than the latch end. Such light gates may be easily opened and shut, although not entirely supported by the hinges.

I take five pieces of inch boards, each ten feet long, one of these eight inches wide for the bottom strip, and each of the others four inches wide. I then take one piece four inches wide for one end upright, and one piece eight inches wide for the end piece where the hinges are to be. These end strips are four feet long, that being high enough for any gate for ordinary purposes. Now lay down your end piece, then place the eight-inch wide and ten-foot long strip for the bottom, nail it at each end to the upright with wrought nails: now take three of the four inch wide strips and lay them on parallel with the bottom one, dividing the spaces so as to leave four inches between the lower two boards, and six inches each space between the upper ones; nail as before. Now turn the gate over, and take the remaining strip, lay it at an angle from the bottom, at the hinge end, to the top, at the latch end; cut it so that it will fit in and lay close to the long strips; nail it thoroughly. Now hang with strong hinges and you have a gate that is light, and will not sag, and just as perfect against cattle as one made by a joiner, and costing from three to five dollars. Any person can put together and hang such a gate in two hours.

### Sheep.

We have some acquaintance with a purchaser of wool who was called upon by a farmer who had about twenty fleeces of wool for sale, some of them were Cotswold and Leicester cross, others were nearly pure merino. The long wool about an inch from the bottom of the staple was cotted, the bottom being perfectly free. The merino not being so apt to cott was very weak at that point, the wool being well grown up to the place already described. The purchaser made this remark to the farmer, "You have an excellent pasture; your sheep came up in the fall in an excellent condition; but you put them upon very poor feed as soon as they got into winter quarters; you feed them upon nothing but very poor hay till near lambing time, then you improved their feed to a considerable degree and continued it till they were turned out to grass." The man at first denied the whole, saying that the sheep were well fed through the whole of winter. The purchaser, however, firmly maintained his position, offering to send a man to make inquiries of his hired man. When he found a further denial was of no avail, he asked very earnestly: "How did you know all about it? You were not there to see." The purchaser of the wool showed him how every fleece was affected just at the same point of growth, and how seriously it had injured his wool, besides materially lessening the weight of the fleece. As the feed was improved the wool begun to grow free again, leaving the cott considerably up in the staple. A similar result is sometimes caused by sickness; but in this case every fleece being alike affected and at the same place, it was conclusive evidence that it was caused by poor feed.—*N. E. Farmer.*

Feeding Cows for Milk.—Having tried some of the different species of grass and clover for the purpose of producing the most milk—it being weighed regularly each day—I find that clover, Northern red, makes very much more in quantity, and of better quality too. Changing back to timothy and other grasses, it is certain cows decrease in the number of pounds. They were fed regularly upon each kind of grass about three hours each day. Green corn-fodder, of the Southern kind, saved for feeding, does not produce so much milk as either of the other kinds of feed mentioned. Now as milk is becoming so valuable for cheese and butter, farmers will aim to produce the best breeds of cows which give the largest number of pounds of milk, and the best quality too. What kinds of roots and grasses, green or dried, will make most milk, will be questions more thoroughly discussed among farmers, as the value of cheese is greater through the cheese factory system.—*Cor. Boston Cultivator.*

Butter and Cheese.—In a series of seventy-four trials in the butter dairies of Worcester county, it was found that it took 21 lbs. of milk to make 1 lb. of butter, the trials being made, an equal number in June and September. The cheese factories last year found that it took a trifle over 11 lbs. of milk to make 1 lb. of cheese in June, and only about 8 lbs., on an average, in September and October. So that within a fraction, taking the season through, 2 lbs. of cheese will cost about the same as 1 lb. of butter. These facts are interesting, and, we think, perfectly reliable.

Pears.—The Massachusetts Agricultural Club, the members of which are among the most distinguished horticulturists of the state, has unanimously agreed upon the following as the twelve best varieties of pears, taking all things into consideration, as quality, thriftiness of the tree, value for market, &c., viz.: First six, the Bartlett, Louise Bonne de Jersey, Urbaniste, Beurre d'Anjou, Sheldon and Seckel. Second six, the Onondego (Swan's Orange,) Merriam, Doyenne Bossock, Vicar of Winkfield, Paradise d' Automne and Fulton.

## USEFUL RECEIPTS.

An Excellent and Economical Pudding.—Pare and core half-a-dozen easily cooking apples, chop them into small bits; dry some bread in the oven—stale is the best—till it is crisp, then roll it into crumbs; butter a deep dish and place in it a layer of crumbs; then put in the apples, with a little sugar, and such spices as you like; cover the apples with another layer of crumbs, and so on, adding a little beef suet, chopped as finely as possible; pour in half a pint of milk; bake till nicely browned, and serve with hard sauce. [Having many times made this pudding in our own family, we can speak advisedly of its excellence.—*Ed. Germantown Telegraph.*]

French Jumbles.—One pound and a half of flour, one pound of sugar, three-quarters of a pound of butter, three eggs; dissolve one teaspoonful of soda in one-half cup of milk; add this, also one nutmeg, and roll out the dough, and cut into small cakes of any shape, and bake them in a quick oven.

Seed Cake.—Beat one pound of butter to a cream, adding gradually a quarter of a pound of sifted sugar, beating both together; have ready the yolks of eighteen eggs, and the whites of ten, beaten separately; mix in the whites first, and then the yolks, and beat the whole for ten minutes; add two grated nutmegs, one pound and a half of flour, and mix them very gradually with the other ingredients; when the oven is ready, beat in three ounces of picked caraway seed.

Washington Cake.—Beat together one and a half pound of sugar, and three-quarters of a pound of butter; add four eggs well beaten, half a pint of sour milk, and one teaspoonful of saleratus, dissolved in a little hot water. Stir in gradually one and three-quarters pound of flour, one wineglassful of wine or brandy, and one nutmeg, grated. Beat all well together. This will make two round cakes. It should be baked in a quick oven, and will take from fifteen to thirty minutes, according to the thickness of the cakes.

## THE RIDDLER.

### Biblical Enigma.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 52 letters.
My 24, 43, 8, 15, 52, was one of the Twelve Apostles.
My 46, 26, 3, 18, 34, is an event spoken of in the Bible.
My 7, 19, 49, 10, 4, 35, 23, is a province in Austria.
My 33, 22, 50, 17, was one of the twelve sons of Jacob.
My 44, 39, 48, 52, was a mountain.
My 1, 49, 15, 25, 37, 45, is a city in Asia Minor.
My 18, 2, 20, 36, 51, is an animal spoken of in the Bible.
My 21, 38, 16, 31, 28, is a book of the Old Testament.
My 5, 29, 42, was a city of Canaan.
My 9, 41, 14, 17, is a book of the New Testament.
My 40, 42, 32, 23, 47, was a city of Mysia.
My 30, 17, 31, 6, is a fiend.
My 39, 10, 12, 4, 41, 11, is an island in the Mediterranean Sea.
My whole is one of Solomon's proverbs.

EVA.

### Riddle.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am a regular messenger,
And tell many tales of woe,
Of the bloody battle-field,
And other things I know.

And I often while away
Many a tedious hour,
Often through a lonesome day,
Or through a dreary shower.

Although I never draw my breath,
I always was a rover
Through all countries civilized,
Indeed, almost all over.

*Robbinsville, N. J.* J. L. SINGLETON.

### Charade.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is a girl's name.
My second is a gentleman's title.
My whole appears weekly in the Riddler.

CHAL.

### Charade.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is a body of water.
My second is a vowel.
My third is a kind of fruit.
My whole is a town in India. EVA.

### Triple Rebus.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A venomous serpent.
A girl's nickname.
A verb meaning frequently visited.
My initials, centrals, and finals, form the names of three colors.

*Cincinnati, Ohio.* S. HORACE G.

### Riddle.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My 1st is in high, but not in low.
My 2d is in spear, but not in bow.
My 3d is in car, but not in gig.
My 4th is in hog, but not in pig.
My 5th is in read, but not in spell.
My 6th is in know, but not in tell.
My 7th is in toe, but not in head.
My 8th is in blue, but not in red.
My 9th is in step, but not in bed.
My whole was a celebrated ancient historian.

*Cincinnati, O.* S. HORACE G.

### Diophantine Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Find five cube numbers whose sum is a cube.

ARTEMAS MARTIN.

*Franklin, Venango co., Pa.*

☞ An answer is requested.

### Interest Question.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The interest of three-sevenths of A.'s money, for 7 years, at 6 per cent. per annum, together with the interest of seven-ninths of B.'s money for 4 years, at 5 per cent. per annum, is $2,080. What is each man's respective money, provided four-sevenths of A.'s money is equal to five-eighths of B.'s money?

DANIEL DIEFENBACH.

*Kratzerville, Snyder Co., Pa.*

☞ An answer is requested.

### Trigonometrical Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

What is the length of that arch whose tangent is equal to three times its sine, the radius of the circle being 10 inches? GILL BATES.

☞ An answer is requested.

### Conundrums.

☞ Why am I, in walking towards a fireplace in my own house, like certain birds in the autumn? Ans.—I am going to my grate (migrate.)

☞ Why are none but ill-bred ladies fitted to be called "ducks?" Ans.—Because ducks waddle, and are by no means nice in their diet.

☞ Why is an unbecoming action like the letter G? Ans.—It is in-elegant.

☞ What is the difference between a policeman and a tradesman? Ans.—The first has his head above his number, the other his number above his head.

☞ Why is a man, when about to accost a lady, like one going to a certain crockery-stand? Ans.—He is going to address her (a dresser.)

☞ When do you see what is invisible? Ans.—When you see how you feel.

☞ Why are Mandarins like old apple-trees? Ans.—Their low bows (boughs) occupy more room than they are worth.

### Answers to Last.

RIDDLE—The Sanitary Fair at Philadelphia. TRIPLE REBUS—Horace, Albert, Martin, (Ham, Ola, Robar, Alert, Carpi, Eaton.) CHARADE—Hallowell, (Hal, Lo! Well.) CHARADE—Tudor, (To, Door.) CHARADE—Alton, (Awl, Ton.)

Answer to PROBLEM by Gill Bates, published Jan. 7th:—94 sheep, 1 hog, and 5 cattle.—John S. Brown, Morgan Stevens, Eva, Louisa Hannaford, and L. M. Wilson.

Answer to Morgan Stevens's PROBLEM, same date:—15,259 inches.—Gill Bates and Morgan Stevens.